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Seventh Series }  
Volume VIII. }

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{ From Beginning  
{ Vol. CCXXVI.

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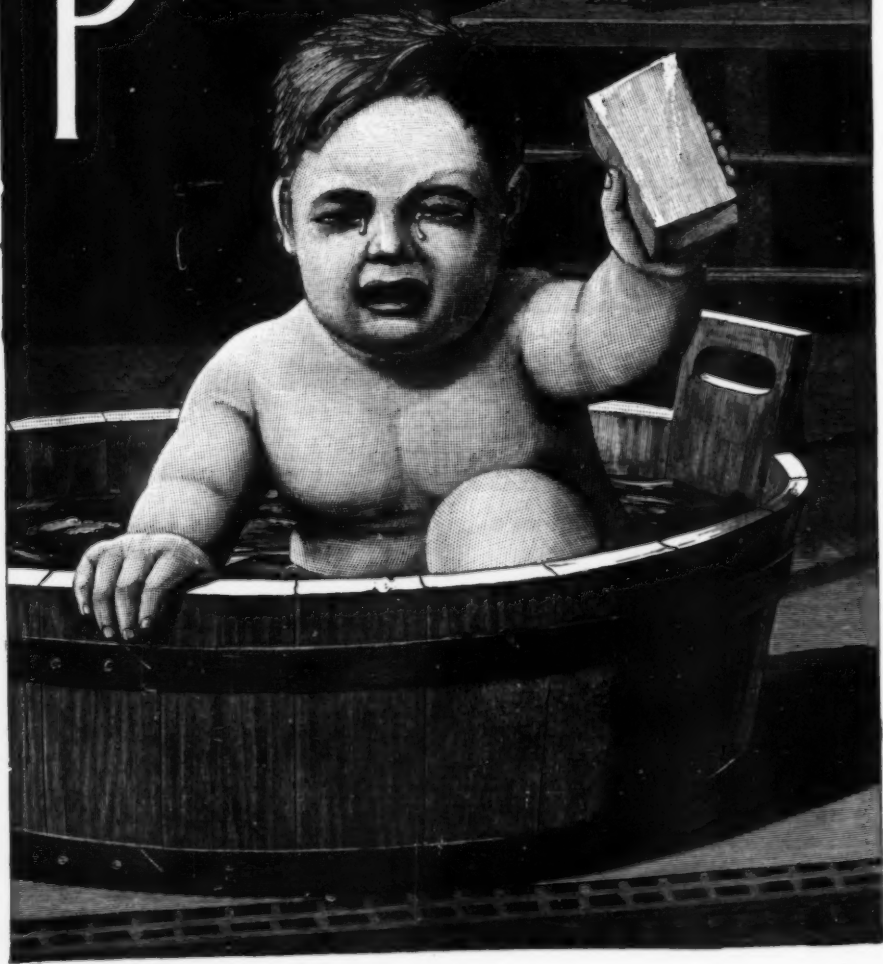
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this isn't  
Pears'!"*



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## THE PIOUS PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN."

When the gray November weather came, and hung its soft dark clouds low and unbroken over the brown of the ploughed fields and the vivid emerald of the stretches of winter corn, the heavy stillness weighed my heart down to a forlorn yearning after the pleasant things of childhood, the petting, the comforting, the warming faith in the unfailing wisdom of elders. A great need of something to lean on, and a great weariness of independence and responsibility took possession of my soul; and looking round for support and comfort in that transitory mood, the emptiness of the present and the blankness of the future sent me back to the past with all its ghosts. Why should I not go and see the place where I was born, and where I lived so long; the place where I was so magnificently happy, so exquisitely wretched, so close to heaven, so near to hell, always either up on a cloud of glory, or down in the depths with the waters of despair closing over my head? Cousins live in it now, distant cousins, loved with the exact measure of love usually bestowed on cousins who reign in one's stead; cousins of practical views who have dug up the flower-beds and planted cab-

bages where roses grew; and though through all the years since my father's death I have held my head so high that it hurt, and loftily refused to listen to their repeated suggestions that I should revisit my old home, something in the sad listlessness of the November days sent my spirit back to old times with a persistency that would not be set aside, and I woke from my musings surprised to find myself sick with longing.

It is foolish but natural to quarrel with one's cousins, and especially foolish and natural when they have done nothing, and are mere victims of chance. Is it their fault that my not being a boy placed the shoes I should otherwise have stepped into at their disposal? I know it is not; but their blamelessness does not make me love them more. "*Noch ein dummes Frauenzimmer!*" cried my father, on my arrival into the world—he had three of them already, and I was his last hope—and a *dummes Frauenzimmer* I have remained ever since; and that is why for years I would have no dealings with the cousins in possession, and that is why, the other day, overcome by the tender influence of the weather, the purely sentimental longing to join

hands again with my childhood was enough to send all my pride to the winds, and to start me off without warning and without invitation on my pilgrimage.

I have always had a liking for pilgrimages, and if I had lived in the Middle Ages would have spent most of my time on the way to Rome. The pilgrims, leaving all their cares at home, the anxieties of their riches or their debts, the wife that worried and the children that disturbed, took only their sins with them, and, turning their backs on their obligations, set out with that sole burden, and perhaps a cheerful heart. How cheerful my heart would have been, starting on a fine morning, with the smell of the spring in my nostrils, fortified by the approval of those left behind, accompanied by the pious blessings of my family, with every step getting farther from the suffocation of daily duties, out into the wide fresh world, out into the glorious free world, so poor, so penitent, and so happy! My dream, even now, is to walk for weeks with some friend that I love, leisurely wandering from place to place, with no route arranged and no object in view, with liberty to go on all day or to linger all day, as we choose; but the question of luggage, unknown to the simple pilgrim, is one of the rocks on which my plans have been shipwrecked, and the other is the certain censure of relatives, who, not fond of walking themselves, and having no taste for noonday naps under hedges, would be sure to paralyze my plans before they had grown to maturity by the honest horror of their cry, "How very unpleasant if you were to meet anyone you know!" The relative of five hundred years back would simply have said, "How holy."

My father had the same liking for pilgrimages—indeed, it is evident that I have it from him—and he encouraged it in me when I was little, taking me

with him on his pious journeys to places he had lived in as a boy. Often have we been together to the school he was at in Brandenburg, and spent pleasant days wandering about the old town on the edge of one of those lakes that lie in a chain in that wide green plain; and often have we been in Potsdam, where he was quartered as a lieutenant, the Potsdam pilgrimage including hours in the woods around and in the gardens of Sans Souci, with the second volume of Carlyle's "Frederick" under my father's arm; and often did we spend long summer days at the house in the Mark, at the head of the same blue chain of lakes, where his mother spent her young years, and where, though it belonged to cousins, like everything else that was worth having, we could wander about as we chose, for it was empty, and sit in the deep windows of rooms where there was no furniture, and the painted Venuses and Cupids on the ceiling still smiled irrelevantly and stretched their futile wreaths above the emptiness beneath. And while we sat and rested, my father told me, as my grandmother had a hundred times told him, all that had happened in those rooms in the far-off days when people danced and sang and laughed through life, and nobody seemed ever to be old or sorry.

There was, and still is, an inn within a stone's throw of the great iron gates, with two very old lime trees in front of it, where we used to lunch on our arrival at a little table spread with a red and blue check cloth, the lime blossoms dropping into our soup, and the bees humming in the scented shadows overhead. I have a picture of the house by my side as I write, done from the lake in old times, with a boat full of ladies in hoops and powder in the foreground, and a youth playing a guitar. The pilgrimages to this place were those I loved the best.

But the stories my father told me,



sometimes odd enough stories to tell a little girl, as we wandered about the echoing rooms, or hung over the stone balustrade and fed the fishes in the lake, or picked the pale dog-roses in the hedges, or lay in the boat in a shady reed-grown bay while he smoked to keep the mosquitoes off, were after all only traditions, imparted to me in small doses from time to time, when his earnest desire not to raise his remarks above the level of dulness supposed to be wholesome for *Backfische* was neutralized by an impulse to share his thoughts with somebody who would laugh; whereas the place I was bound for on my latest pilgrimage was filled with living, first-hand memories of all the enchanted years that lie between two and eighteen. How enchanted those years are, is made more and more clear to me the older I grow. There has been nothing in the least like them since; and though I have forgotten most of what happened six months ago, every incident, almost every day, of those wonderful long years is perfectly distinct in my memory.

But I had been stiffnecked, proud, unpleasant, altogether cousinly in my behavior towards the people in possession. The invitations to revisit the old home had ceased. The cousins had grown tired of refusals, and had left me alone. I did not even know who lived in it now, it was so long since I had had any news. For two days I fought against the strong desire to go there that had suddenly seized me, and assured myself that I would not go, that it would be absurd to go, undignified, sentimental and silly; that I did not know them and would be in an awkward position, and that I was old enough to know better. But who can foretell from one hour to the next what a woman will do? And when does she ever know better? On the third morning I set out as hopefully as though it were the most natural thing in the

world to fall unexpectedly upon hitherto consistently neglected cousins, and expect to be received by them with open arms.

It was a complicated journey, and lasted several hours. During the first part, when it was still dark, I glowed with enthusiasm, with the spirit of adventure, with delight at the prospect of so soon seeing the loved place again; and thought with wonder of the long years I had allowed to pass since last I was there. Of what I should say to the cousins, and of how I should introduce myself into their midst, I did not think at all; the pilgrim spirit was upon me, the unpractical spirit that takes no thought for anything, but simply wanders along enjoying its own emotions. It was a quiet, sad morning, and there was a thick mist. By the time I was in the little train on the light railway that passed through the village nearest my old home, I had got over my first enthusiasm, and had entered the stage of critically examining the changes that had been made in the last ten years. It was so misty that I could see nothing of the familiar country from the carriage windows, only the ghosts of pines in the front row of the forests; but the railway itself was a new departure, unknown in our day, when we used to drive over ten miles of deep, sandy forest roads to and from the station, and although most people would have called it an evident and great improvement, it was an innovation due, no doubt, to the zeal and energy of the reigning cousin; and who was he, thought I, that he should require more conveniences than my father had found needful? It was no use my telling myself that in my father's time the era of light railways had not dawned, and that if it had, we should have done our utmost to secure one; the thought of my cousin stepping into my shoes, and then altering them, was odious to me. By the time I was

walking up the hill from the station I had got over this feeling too, and had entered a third stage of wondering uneasily what in the world I should do next. Where was the intrepid courage with which I had started? At the top of the first hill I sat down to consider this question in detail, for I was very near the house now, and felt I wanted time. Where, indeed, was the courage and joy of the morning? It had vanished so completely that I could only suppose that it must be lunch time, the observations of years having led to the discovery that the higher sentiments and virtues fly affrighted on the approach of lunch, and none fly quicker than courage. So I ate the lunch I had brought with me, hoping that it was what I wanted; but it was chilly, made up of sandwiches and pears, and it had to be eaten under a tree at the edge of a field; and it was November, and the mist was thicker than ever and very wet—the grass was wet with it, the gaunt tree was wet with it, I was wet with it, and the sandwiches were wet with it. Nobody's spirits can keep up under such conditions; and as I ate the soaked sandwiches I deplored the headlong courage more with each mouthful that had torn me from a warm, dry home where I was appreciated, and had brought me first to the damp tree in the damp field, and, when I had finished my lunch and dessert of cold pears, was going to drag me into the midst of a circle of unprepared and astonished cousins. Vast sheep loomed through the mist a few yards off. The sheep-dog kept up a perpetual, irritating yap. In the fog I could hardly tell where I was, though I knew I must have played there a hundred times as a child. After the fashion of woman directly she is not perfectly warm and perfectly comfortable, I began to consider the uncertainty of human life, and to shake my head in gloomy approval as lugubrious lines of

pessimistic poetry suggested themselves to my mind.

Now, it is clearly a desirable plan, if you want to do anything, to do it in the way consecrated by custom, more especially if you are a woman. The rattle of a carriage along the road just behind me, and the fact that I started and turned suddenly hot, drove this truth home to my soul. The mist hid me, and the carriage, no doubt full of cousins, drove on in the direction of the house; but what an absurd position I was in! Suppose the kindly mist had lifted and revealed me lunching in the wet on their property, the cousin of the short and lofty letters, the *unangenehme Elisabeth!* "*Die war doch immer verdreht,*" I could imagine them hastily muttering to each other, before advancing decked with welcoming smiles. It gave me a great shock, this narrow escape, and I got on to my feet quickly, and burying the remains of my lunch under the gigantic molehill on which I had been sitting, asked myself nervously what I proposed to do next. Should I walk back to the village, go to the *Gasthof*, write a letter craving permission to call on my cousins and wait there till an answer came? It would be a discreet and sober course to pursue; the next best thing to having written before leaving home. But the *Gasthof* of a North German village is a dreadful place, and the remembrance of one in which I had taken refuge once from a thunderstorm was still so vivid that nature itself cried out against this plan. The mist, if anything, was growing denser. I knew every path and gate in the place. What if I gave up all hope of seeing the house, and went through the little door in the wall at the bottom of the garden, and confined myself for this once to that? In such weather I would be able to wander round as I pleased, without the least risk of being seen by or meeting any cousins, and it was after all the garden

that lay nearest my heart. What a delight it would be to creep into it unobserved, and revisit all the corners I so well remembered, and slip out again and get away safely without any need of explanations, assurances, protestations, displays of affection; without any need, in a word, of that exhausting form of conversation, so dear to relations, known as *Redensarten*!

The mist tempted me. I think if it had been a fine day I would have gone soberly to the *Gasthof* and written the conciliatory letter; but the temptation was too great, it was altogether irresistible, and in ten minutes I had found the gate, opened it with some difficulty, and was standing with a beating heart in the garden of my childhood.

Now I wonder whether I shall ever again feel thrills of the same potency as those that ran through me at that moment. First of all I was trespassing, which is in itself thrilling; but how much more thrilling when you are trespassing on what might just as well have been your own ground, on what actually was for years your own ground, and when you are in deadly peril of seeing the rightful owners, whom you have never met, but with whom you have quarrelled, appear round the corner, and of hearing them remark with an enquiring and awful politeness "I do not think I have the pleasure—?" Then the place was unchanged. I was standing in the same mysterious tangle of damp little paths that had always been just there; they curled away on either side among the shrubs, with the brown tracks of recent footsteps in the centre of their green stains, just as they did in my day. The overgrown lilac bushes still met above my head. The moisture dripped from the same ledge in the wall on to the sodden leaves beneath, as it had done all through the afternoons of all those past Novembers. This was the place, this damp and gloomy tangle, that had spe-

cially belonged to me. Nobody ever came to it, for in winter it was too dreary, and in summer so full of mosquitoes that only a *Backfisch* indifferent to spots could have borne it. But it was a place where I could play unobserved, and where I could walk up and down uninterrupted for hours, building castles in the air. There was an unwholesome little arbor in one dark corner, much frequented by the larger black slug, where I used to pass glorious afternoons making plans. I was forever making plans, and if nothing came of them, what did it matter? The mere making had been a joy. To me this out-of-the-way corner was always a wonderful and a mysterious place, where my castles in the air stood close together in radiant rows, and where the strangest and most splendid adventures befell me; for the hours I passed in it and the people I met in it were all enchanted.

Standing there and looking round with happy eyes, I forgot the existence of the cousins. I could have cried for joy at being there again. It was the home of my fathers, the home that would have been mine if I had been a boy, the home that was mine now by a thousand tender and happy and miserable associations, of which the people in possession could not dream. They were tenants, but it was my home. I threw my arms round the trunk of a very wet fir tree, every branch of which I remembered, for had I not climbed it, and fallen from it, and torn and bruised myself on it unaccountable numbers of times? and I gave it such a hearty kiss that my nose and chin were smudged into one green stain, and still I did not care. Far from caring, it filled me with a reckless, *Backfisch* pleasure in being dirty, a delicious feeling that I had not had for years. Alice in Wonderland, after she had drunk the contents of the magic bottle, could not have grown

smaller more suddenly than I grew younger the moment I passed through that magic door. Bad habits cling to us, however, with such persistency that I did mechanically pull out my handkerchief and begin to rub off the welcoming smudge, a thing I never would have dreamed of doing in the glorious old days; but an artful scent of violets clinging to the handkerchief brought me to my senses, and with a sudden impulse of scorn, the fine scorn for scent of every honest *Backfisch*, I rolled it up into a ball and flung it away into the bushes, where I dare say it is to this day. "Away with you," I cried, "away with you, symbol of conventionality, of slavery, of pandering to a desire to please—away with you, miserable little lace-edged rag!" And so young had I grown within the last few minutes that I did not even feel silly.

As a *Backfisch* I had never used handkerchiefs—the child of nature scorns to blow its nose—though for decency's sake my governess insisted on giving me a clean one of vast size and stubborn texture on Sundays. It was stowed away unfolded in the remotest corner of my pocket, where it was gradually pressed into a beautiful compactness by the other contents, which were knives. After a while, I remember the handkerchief being brought to light on Sundays to make room for a successor, and, being manifestly perfectly clean, we came to an agreement that it should only be changed on the first and third Sundays in the month, on condition that I promised to turn it on the other Sundays. My governess said that the outer folds became soiled from the mere contact with the other things in my pocket, and that visitors might catch sight of the soiled side, if it was never turned, when I wished to blow my nose in their presence, and that one had no right to give one's visitors shocks. "But I never do wish—" I began with very great earn-

estness. "*Unsinn*," said my governess, cutting me short.

After the first thrills of joy at being there again had gone, the profound stillness of the dripping little shrubbery frightened me. It was so still that I was afraid to move; so still, that I could count each drop of moisture falling from the oozing wall; so still, that when I held my breath to listen I was deafened by my own heart-beats. I made a step forward in the direction where the arbor ought to be, and the rustling and jingling of my clothes terrified me into immobility. The house was only two hundred yards off, and if any one had been about, the noise I had already made opening the creaking door and so foolishly apostrophizing my handkerchief must have been noticed. Suppose an enquiring gardener or a restless cousin should presently loom through the fog, bearing down upon me? Suppose *Fräulein Wundermacher* should pounce upon me suddenly from behind, coming up noiselessly in her galoshes, and shatter my castles with her customary triumphant "*Jetzt halte ich dich aber fest!*" Why, what was I thinking of? *Fräulein Wundermacher*, so big and masterful, such an enemy of day-dreams, such a friend of *das Praktische*, such a lover of creature comforts, had died long ago, had been succeeded long ago by others, German sometimes, and sometimes English, and sometimes at intervals French; and they, too, had all in their turn vanished, and I was here a solitary ghost. "Come, Elizabeth," said I to myself impatiently, "are you actually growing sentimental over your governesses? If you think you are a ghost, be glad at least that you are a solitary one. Would you like the ghosts of all those poor women you tormented to rise up now in this gloomy place against you? And do you intend to stand here till you are caught?" And thus exhorting myself to action, and

recognizing how great was the risk I ran in lingering, I started down the little path leading to the arbor and the principal part of the garden, going, it is true, on tiptoe, and very much frightened by the rustling of my petticoats, but determined to see what I had come to see, and not to be scared away by phantoms.

How regretfully did I think at that moment of the petticoats of my youth, so short, so silent and so woollen! And how convenient the canvas shoes were with the indiarubber soles, for creeping about without making a sound! Thanks to them, I could always run swiftly and unheard into my hiding-places, and stay there listening to the garden resounding with cries of "Elizabeth! Elizabeth! Come in at once to your lessons!" Or, at a different period, "*Où êtes-vous donc, petite sotte?*" Or, at yet another period, "*Warte nur, wenn ich dich erst habe!*" As the voices came round one corner, I whisked in my noiseless clothes round the next, and it was only Fräulein Wundermacher, a person of resource, who discovered that all she needed for my successful circumvention was galoshes. She purchased a pair, wasted no breath calling me, and would come up silently, as I stood lapped in a false security, lost in the contemplation of a squirrel or a robin, and seize me by the shoulders from behind, to the grievous unbinging of my nerves. Stealing along in the fog, I looked back uneasily once or twice, so vivid was this disquieting memory, and could hardly be reassured by putting up my hand to the elaborate twists and curls that compose what my maid calls my *Frisur*, and that mark the gulf lying between the present and the past; for it had happened once or twice, awful to relate and to remember, that Fräulein Wundermacher, sooner than let me slip through her fingers, had actually caught me by the long plait of hair to whose other end

I was attached, and whose English name I had been told was pigtail, just at the instant when I was springing away from her into the bushes; and so had led me home triumphant, holding on tight to the rope of hair, and muttering with a broad smile of special satisfaction, "*Diesmal wirst du mir aber nicht entschüpfen!*" Fräulein Wundermacher, now I came to think of it, must have been a humorist. She was certainly a clever and a capable woman. But I wished at that moment that she would not haunt me so persistently, and that I could get rid of the feeling that she was just behind in her galoshes, with her hand stretched out to seize me.

Passing the arbor, and peering into its damp recesses, I started back with my heart in my mouth. I thought I saw my grandfather's stern eyes shining in the darkness. It was evident that my anxiety lest the cousins should catch me had quite upset my nerves, for I am not by nature inclined to see eyes where eyes are not. "Don't be foolish, Elizabeth," murmured my soul in rather a faint voice, "go in and make sure." "But I don't like going in and making sure," I replied. I did go in, however, with a sufficient show of courage, and fortunately the eyes vanished. What I should have done if they had not I am altogether unable to imagine. Ghosts are things that I laugh at in the daytime and fear at night, but I think if I were to meet one I should die. The arbor had fallen into great decay, and was in the last stage of mouldiness. My grandfather had had it made, and, like other buildings it enjoyed a period of prosperity before being left to the ravages of slugs and children, when he came down every afternoon in summer and drank his coffee there and read his *Kreuzzeitung* and dozed, while the rest of us went about on tiptoe, and only the birds dared sling. Even the mosquitoes



that infested the place were in too much awe of him to sting him; they certainly never did sting him, and I naturally concluded it must be because he had forbidden such familiarities. Although I had played there for so many years since his death, my memory skipped them all, and went back to the days when it was exclusively his. Standing on the spot where his arm-chair used to be, I felt how well I knew him now from the impressions he made then on my child's mind, though I was not conscious of them for more than twenty years. Nobody told me about him, and he died when I was six, and yet within the last year or two, that strange Indian summer of remembrance that comes to us in the leisured times when the children have been born and we have time to think, has made me know him perfectly well. It is rather an uncomfortable thought for the grown-up, and especially for the parent, but of a salutary and restraining nature, that though children may not understand what is said and done before them, and have no interest in it at the time, and though they may forget it at once and for years, yet these things that they have seen and heard and not noticed have after all impressed themselves for ever on their minds, and when they are men and women come crowding back with surprising and often painful distinctness, and away frisk all the cherished little illusions in flocks.

I had an awful reverence for my grandfather. He never petted, and he often frowned, and such people are generally revered. Besides, he was a just man, everybody said; a just man who might have been a great man if he had chosen, and risen to almost any pinnacle of worldly glory. That he had not so chosen was held to be a convincing proof of his greatness, for he was plainly too great to be great in the vulgar sense, and shrouded himself in

the dignity of privacy and potentialities. This, at least, as time passed and he still did nothing, was the belief of the simple people around. People must believe in somebody, and having pinned their faith on my grandfather in the promising years that lie round thirty, it was more convenient to let it remain there. He pervaded our family life till my sixth year, and saw to it that we all behaved ourselves, and then he died, and we were all glad that he should be in heaven. He was a good German (and when Germans are good they are very good) who kept the Commandments, voted for the Government, grew prize potatoes and bred innumerable sheep, drove to Berlin once a year with the wool in a procession of wagons behind him and sold it at the annual *Wollmarkt*, rioted soberly for a few days there, and then carried most of the proceeds home, hunted as often as possible, helped his friends, punished his children, read his Bible, said his prayers, and was genuinely astonished when his wife had the affectation to die of a broken heart. I cannot pretend to explain this conduct. She ought, of course, to have been happy in the possession of so good a man; but good men are sometimes oppressive, and to have one in the house with you and to live in the daily glare of his goodness must be a tremendous business. After bearing him seven sons and three daughters, therefore, my grandmother died in the way described, and afforded, said my grandfather, another and a very curious proof of the impossibility of ever being sure of your ground with women. The incident faded more quickly from his mind than it might otherwise have done from its having occurred simultaneously with the production of a new kind of potato, of which he was justly proud. He called it *Trost in Trauer*, and quoted the text of Scripture *Auge um Auge, Zahn um Zahn*, after which he did not again al-



lude to his wife's decease. In his last years, when my father managed the estate, and he only lived with us and criticised, he came to have the reputation of an oracle. The neighbors sent him their sons at the beginning of any important phase in their lives, and he received them in this very arbor, administering eloquent and minute advice in the deep voice that rolled round the shrubbery and filled me with a vague sense of guilt as I played. Sitting among the bushes playing muffled games for fear of disturbing him, I supposed he must be reading aloud, so unbroken was the monotony of that majestic roll. The young men used to come out again bathed in perspiration, much stung by mosquitoes, and looking bewildered; and when they had got over the impression made by my grandfather's speech and presence, no doubt forgot all he had said with wholesome quickness, and set themselves to the interesting and necessary work of gaining their own experience. Once, indeed, a dreadful thing happened, whose immediate consequence was the abrupt end to the long and close friendship between us and our nearest neighbor. His son was brought to the arbor and left there in the usual way, and either he must have happened on the critical half hour after the coffee and before the *Kreuzzeitung*, when my grandfather was accustomed to sleep, or he was more courageous than the others and tried to talk, for very shortly, playing as usual near at hand, I heard my grandfather's voice, raised to an extent that made me stop in my game and quake, saying with deliberate anger, "*Hebe dich weg von mir, Sohn des Satans!*" Which was all the advice this particular young man got, and which he hastened to take, for out he came through the bushes, and though his face was very pale, there was an odd twist about the corners of his mouth that reassured me.

This must have happened quite at the end of my grandfather's life, for almost immediately afterwards, as it now seems to me, he died before he need have done because he would eat crab, a dish that never agreed with him, in the face of his doctor's warning that if he did he would surely die. "What! Am I to be conquered by crabs?" he demanded indignantly of the doctor; for, apart from loving them with all his heart, he had never yet been conquered by anything. "Nay, sir, the combat is too unequal—do not, I pray you, try it again," replied the doctor. But my grandfather ordered crabs that very night for supper, and went in to table with the shining eyes of one who is determined to conquer or die, and the crabs conquered, and he died. "He was a just man," said the neighbors, except that nearest neighbor, formerly his best friend, "and might have been a great one had he so chosen." And they buried him with profound respect and the sunshine came into our home life with a burst, and the birds were not the only creatures that sang, and the arbor, from having been a temple of Delphic utterances, sank into a home for slugs.

Musing on the strangeness of life, and on the invariable ultimate triumph of the insignificant and small over the important and vast, illustrated in this instance by the easy substitution in the arbor of slugs for grandfathers, I went slowly round the next bend of the path, and came to the broad walk along the south side of the high wall dividing the flower garden from the kitchen garden, in which sheltered position my father had had his choicest flowers. Here the cousins had been at work, and all the climbing roses that clothed the wall with beauty were gone, and some very neat fruit trees, tidily nailed up at proper intervals, reigned in their stead. Evidently the cousins knew the value

of this warm aspect, for in the border beneath, filled in my father's time in this month of November with the wall-flowers that were to perfume the walk in spring, there was a thick crop of—I stooped down close to make sure—yes, a thick crop of radishes. My eyes filled with tears at the sight of those radishes, and it is probably the only occasion on record on which radishes have made anybody cry. My dear father, whom I so passionately loved, had in his turn passionately loved this particular border, and spent the spare moments of a busy life enjoying the flowers that grew in it. He had no time himself for a more near acquaintance with the delights of gardening than directing what plants were to be used, but found rest from his daily work strolling up and down here, or sitting smoking as close to the flowers as possible. "It is the Purest of Humane pleasures, it is the Greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man," he would quote (for he read other things besides the *Kreuzzeitung*), looking round with satisfaction on reaching this fragrant haven after a hot day in the fields. Well, the cousins did not think so. Less fanciful, and more sensible as they probably would have said, their position plainly was that you cannot eat flowers. Their spirits required no refreshment, but their bodies needed much, and therefore radishes were more precious than wallflowers. Nor was my youth wholly destitute of radishes, but they were grown in the decent obscurity of odd kitchen garden corners and old cucumber frames, and would never have been allowed to come among the flowers. And only because I was not a boy, here they were profaning the ground that used to be so beautiful. Oh, it was a terrible misfortune not to have been a boy! And how sad and lonely it was, after all, in this ghostly garden. The radish bed and what it symbolized had turned my

first joy into grief. This walk and border reminded me too much of my father, and of all he had been to me. What I knew of good he had taught me, and what I had of happiness was through him. Only once during all the years we lived together had we been of different opinions and fallen out, and it was the one time I ever saw him severe. I was four years old, and demanded one Sunday to be taken to church. My father said, No; for I had never been to church, and the German service is long and exhausting. I implored. He again said, No. I implored again, and showed such a pious disposition, and so earnest a determination to behave well, that he gave in, and we went off very happily hand in hand. "Now mind, Elizabeth," he said, turning to me at the church door, "there is no coming out again in the middle. Having insisted on being brought, thou shalt now sit patiently till the end." "Oh, yes, oh, yes," I promised eagerly, and went in filled with holy fire. The shortness of my legs, hanging helplessly for two hours midway between the seat and the floor, was the weapon chosen by Satan for my destruction. In German churches you do not kneel, and seldom stand, but sit nearly the whole time, praying and singing in great comfort. If you are four years old, however, this unchanged position soon becomes one of torture. Unknown and dreadful things go on in your legs, strange prickings and tinglings and dartings up and down, a sudden terrifying numbness, when you think they must have dropped off, but are afraid to look, then renewed and fiercer prickings, shootings and burnings. I thought I must be very ill, for I had never known my legs like that before. My father sitting beside me was engrossed in the singing of a chorale that evidently had no end; each verse finished with a long-drawn-out hallelujah, after which the organ

played by itself for a hundred years—by the organist's watch, which was wrong, two minutes exactly—and then another verse began. My father, being the patron of the living, was careful to sing and pray and listen to the sermon with exemplary attention, aware that every eye in the little church was on our pew, and at first I tried to imitate him; but the behavior of my legs became so alarming that after vainly casting imploring glances at him and seeing that he continued his singing unmoved, I put out my hand and pulled his sleeve.

"Hal-le-lu-jah," sang my father with deliberation; continuing in a low voice without changing the expression of his face, his lips hardly moving, and his eyes fixed abstractedly on the ceiling till the organist, who was also the postman, should have finished his solo, "Did I not tell thee to sit still, Elisabeth?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then do it."

"But I want to go home."

"*Unsinn.*" And the next verse beginning, my father sang louder than ever. What could I do? Should I cry? I began to be afraid I was going to die on that chair, so extraordinary were the sensations in my legs. What could my father do to me if I did cry? With the quick instinct of small children I felt that he could not put me in the corner in church, nor would he whip me in public, and that with the whole village looking on, he was helpless, and would have to give in. Therefore I tugged his sleeve again and more peremptorily, and prepared to demand my immediate removal in a loud voice. But my father was ready for me. Without interrupting his singing, or altering his devout expression, he put his hand slowly down and gave me a hard pinch—not a playful pinch, but a good hard unmistakable pinch, such as I had never imagined possible—and then went on

serenely to the next hallelujah. For a moment I was petrified with astonishment. Was this my indulgent father, my playmate, adorer and friend? Smarting with pain, for I was a round baby, with a nicely stretched, tight skin, and dreadfully hurt in my feelings, I opened my mouth to shriek in earnest when my father's clear whisper fell on my ear, each word distinct and not to be misunderstood, his eyes as before gazing meditatively into space, and his lips hardly moving. "*Elisabeth, wenn du schreist, kneife ich dich bis du platzt.*" And he finished the verse with unruffled decorum—

Will Satan mich verschlingen,  
So lass die Engel singen  
Hallelujah.

We never had another difference. Up to then he had been my willing slave, and after that I was his.

With a smile and a shiver I turned from the border and its memories to the door in the wall leading to the kitchen garden in a corner of which my own little garden used to be. The door was open, and I stood still a moment before going through, to hold my breath and listen. The silence was as profound as before. The place seemed deserted; and I should have thought the house empty and shut up but for the carefully tended radishes and the recent footmarks on the green of the path. They were the footmarks of a child. I was stooping down to examine a specially clear one, when the loud caw of a very bored-looking crow sitting on the wall just above my head made me jump as I have seldom in my life jumped, and reminded me that I was trespassing. Clearly my nerves were all to pieces, for I gathered up my skirts and fled through the door as though a whole army of ghosts and cousins were at my heels, nor did I stop till I had reached the remote corner where my garden was. "Are

you enjoying yourself, Elizabeth?" asked the mocking sprite that calls itself my soul; but I was too much out of breath to answer.

This was really a very safe corner. It was separated from the main garden and the house by the wall, and shut in on the north side by an orchard, and it was to the last degree unlikely that any one would come there on such an afternoon. This plot of ground, turned now as I saw into a rockery, had been the scene of my most untiring labors. Into the cold earth of this north border on which the sun never shone I had dug my brightest hopes. All my pocket-money had been spent on it, and as bulbs were dear and my weekly allowance small, in a fatal hour I had borrowed from Fräulein Wundermacher, selling her my independence, passing utterly into her power, forced as a result till my next birthday should come round to an unnatural suavity of speech and manner in her company, against which my very soul revolted. And after all, nothing came up. The labor of digging and watering, the anxious zeal with which I pounced on weeds, the poring over gardening books, the plans made as I sat on the little seat in the middle gazing admiringly and with the eye of faith on the trim surface so soon to be gemmed with a thousand flowers, the reckless expenditure of *pfennings*, the humiliation of my position in regard to Fräulein Wundermacher,—all, all had been in vain. No sun shone there, and nothing grew. The gardener who reigned supreme in those days had given me this big piece for that sole reason, because he could do nothing with it himself. He was no doubt of opinion that it was quite good enough for a child to experiment upon, and went his way when I had thanked him with a profuseness of gratitude I still remember, with an unmoved countenance. For more than a year I worked and

waited, and watched the career of the flourishing orchard opposite with puzzled feelings. The orchard was only a few yards away, and yet, although my garden was full of manure and water, and attentions that were never bestowed on the orchard, all it could show and ever did show were a few unhappy beginnings of growth that either remained stationary and did not achieve flowers, or dwindled down again and vanished. Once I timidly asked the gardener if he could explain these signs and wonders, but he was a busy man with no time for answering questions, and told me shortly that gardening was not learned in a day. How well I remembered that afternoon, and the very shape of the lazy clouds, and the smell of spring things, and myself going away abashed and sitting on the shaky bench in my domain and wondering for the hundredth time what it was that made the difference between my bed and the bit of orchard in front of me. The fruit trees, far enough away from the wall to be beyond the reach of its cold shade, were tossing their flower-laden heads in the sunshine in a careless, well-satisfied fashion that filled my heart with envy. There was a rise in the field behind them, and at the foot of its protecting slope they luxuriated in the insolent glory of their white and pink perfection. It was May, and my heart bled at the thought of the tulips I had put in in November, and that I had never seen since. The whole of the rest of the garden was on fire with tulips; behind me, on the other side of the wall, were rows and rows of them—cups of translucent loveliness, a jewelled ring flung right round the lawn. But what was there not on the other side of that wall? Things came up there and grew and flowered exactly as my gardening books said they should do; and in front of me, in the gay orchard, things that nobody ever

troubled about or cultivated or noticed throve joyously beneath the trees—daffodils thrusting their spears through the grass, crocuses peeping out enquiringly, snowdrops uncovering their small cold faces when the first shivering spring days came. Only my piece that I so loved was perpetually ugly and empty. And I sat in it thinking of these things on that radiant day, and wept aloud.

Then an apprentice came by, a youth who had often seen me busily digging, and noticing the unusual tears, and struck perhaps by the difference between my garden and the profusion of splendor all around, paused with his barrow on the path in front of me, and remarked that nobody could expect to get blood out of a stone. The apparent irrelevance of this statement made me weep still louder, the bitter tears of insulted sorrow; but he stuck to his point, and harangued me from the path, explaining the connection between north walls and tulips and blood and stones till my tears all dried up again and I listened attentively, for the conclusion to be drawn from his remarks was plainly that I had been shamefully taken in by the head gardener, who was an unprincipled person, thenceforward to be forever mistrusted and shunned. Standing on the path from which the kindly apprentice had expounded his proverb, this scene rose before me as clearly as though it had taken place that very day; but how different everything looked, and how it had shrunk! Was this the wide orchard that had seemed to stretch away, it and the sloping field beyond, up to the gates of heaven? I believe nearly every child who is much alone goes through a certain time of hourly expecting the Day of Judgment, and I had made up my mind that on that Day the heavenly host would enter the world by that very field, coming down the slope in shining ranks, treading the

daffodils under foot, filling the orchard with their songs of exultation, joyously seeking out the sheep from among the goats. Of course, I was a sheep, and my governess and the head gardener goats, so that the results could not fail to be in every way satisfactory. But looking up at the slope and remembering my visions, I laughed at the smallness of the field I had supposed would hold all heaven.

Here, again, the cousins had been at work. The site of my garden was occupied by a rockery, and the orchard grass with all its treasures had been dug up, and the spaces between the trees planted with currant bushes and celery in admirable rows, so that no future little cousins will be able to dream of celestial hosts coming towards them across the fields of daffodils, and will perhaps be the better for being free from visions of the kind, for as I grew older, uncomfortable doubts laid hold of my heart with cold fingers, dim uncertainties as to the exact ultimate position of the gardener and the governess, anxious questionings as to how it would be if it were they who turned out after all to be sheep, and I who—? For that we all three might be gathered into the same fold at the last, never, in those days, struck me as possible, and if it had I should not have liked it.

"Now what sort of person can that be," I asked myself, shaking my head, as I contemplated the changes before me, "who could put a rockery among vegetables and currant bushes? A rockery, of all things in the gardening world, needs consummate tact in its treatment. It is easier to make mistakes in forming a rockery than in any other garden scheme. Either it is a great success, or it is a great failure; either it is very charming, or it is very absurd. There is no state between the sublime and the ridiculous possible in a rockery." I stood shaking my head



disapprovingly at the rockery before me, lost in these reflections, when a sudden quick pattering of feet coming along in a great hurry made me turn round with a start, just in time to receive the shock of a body tumbling out of the mist and knocking violently against me.

It was a little girl of about twelve years old.

"Hullo!" said the little girl in excellent English; and then we stared at each other in astonishment.

"I thought you were Miss Robinson," said the little girl, offering no apology for having nearly knocked me down. "Who are you?"

"Miss Robinson? Miss Robinson?" I repeated, my eyes fixed on the little girl's face, and a host of memories stirring within me. "Why, didn't she marry a missionary and go out to some place where they ate him?"

The little girl stared harder. "Ate him? Marry? What, has she been married all this time to somebody who's been eaten and never let on? Oh, I say, what a game!" And she threw back her head and laughed till the garden rang again.

"O hush, you dreadful little girl!" I implored, catching her by the arm, and terrified beyond measure by the loudness of her mirth. "Don't make that horrid noise—we are certain to be caught if you don't stop—"

The little girl broke off a shriek of laughter in the middle and shut her mouth with a snap. Her eyes, round and black and shiny like boot buttons, came still farther out of her head. "Caught?" she said eagerly. "What, are you afraid of being caught too? Well, this is a game!" And with her hands plunged deep in the pockets of her coat she capered in front of me in the excess of her enjoyment, reminding me of a very fat black lamb frisking round the dazed and passive sheep its mother.

It was clear that the time had come for me to get down to the gate at the end of the garden as quickly as possible, and I began to move away in that direction. The little girl at once stopped capering and planted herself squarely in front of me. "Who are you?" she said, examining me from my hat to my boots with the keenest interest.

I considered this ungarnished manner of asking questions impertinent, and, trying to look lofty, made an attempt to pass at the side.

The little girl, with a quick, cork-like movement, was there before me.

"Who are you?" she repeated, her expression friendly but firm.

"Oh, I—I'm a pilgrim," I said in desperation.

"A pilgrim!" echoed the little girl. She seemed struck, and while she was struck I slipped past her and began to walk quickly towards the door in the wall. "A pilgrim!" said the little girl again, keeping close beside me, and looking me up and down attentively. "I don't like pilgrims. Aren't they people who are always walking about, and have things the matter with their feet? Have you got anything the matter with your feet?"

"Certainly not," I replied indignantly, walking still faster.

"And they never wash, Miss Robinson says. You don't either, do you?"

"Not wash? Oh, I'm afraid you are a very badly brought-up little girl—oh, leave me alone—I must run—"

"So must I," said the little girl, cheerfully, "for Miss Robinson must be close behind us. She nearly had me just before I found you." And she started running by my side.

The thought of Miss Robinson close behind us gave wings to my feet, and, casting my dignity, of which, indeed, there was but little left, to the winds, I fairly flew down the path. The little girl was not to be outrun, and, though



she panted and turned weird colors, kept by my side and even talked. Oh, I was tired, tired in body and mind, tired by the different shocks I had received, tired by the journey, tired by the want of food; and here I was being forced to run because this very naughty little girl chose to hide instead of going in to her lessons.

"I say—this is jolly—" she jerked out.

"But why need we run to the same place?" I breathlessly asked, in the vain hope of getting rid of her.

"Oh, yes—that's just—the fun. We'd get on—together—you and I—"

"No, no," said I, decided on this point, bewildered though I was.

"I can't stand washing—either—its awful—in winter—and makes one have—chaps."

"But I don't mind it in the least," I protested faintly, not having any energy left.

"Oh, I say!" said the little girl, looking at my face and making the sound known as a guffaw. The familiarity of this little girl was wholly revolting.

We had got safely through the door, round the corner past the radishes, and were in the shrubbery. I knew from experience how easy it was to hide in the tangle of little paths, and stopped a moment to look round and listen. The little girl opened her mouth to speak. With great presence of mind I instantly put my muff in front of it and held it there tight, while I listened. Dead silence, except for the labored breathing and struggles of the little girl.

"I don't hear a sound" I whispered, letting her go again. "Now, what did you want to say?" I added, eyeing her severely.

"I wanted to say," she panted, "that it's no good pretending you wash with a nose like that."

"A nose like that! A nose like what?" I exclaimed, greatly offended; and though I put up my hand and very tenderly and carefully felt it, I could

find no difference in it. "I am afraid poor Miss Robinson must have a wretched life," I said, in tones of deep disgust.

The little girl smiled fatuously, as though I were paying her compliments. "It's all green and brown," she said, pointing. "Is it always like that?"

Then I remembered the wet fir tree near the gate, and the enraptured kiss it had received, and blushed.

"Won't it come off?" persisted the little girl.

"Of course it will come off," I answered, frowning.

"Why don't you rub it off?"

Then I remembered the throwing away of the handkerchief and blushed again.

"Please lend me your handkerchief," I said humbly, "I—I have lost mine."

There was a great fumbling in six different pockets, and then a handkerchief that made me young again merely to look at it was produced. I took it thankfully and rubbed with energy, the little girl, intensely interested, watching the operation and giving me advice. "There—it's all right now—a little more on the right—there—now it's all off."

"Are you sure? No green left?" I anxiously asked.

"No, it's red all over now," she replied cheerfully. "Let me get home," thought I, very much upset by this information, "let me get home to my dear, uncritical, admiring babies, who accept my nose as an example of what a nose should be and whatever its color think it beautiful." And thrusting the handkerchief back into the little girl's hands I hurried away down the path. She packed it into her pocket hastily, but it took some seconds, for it was of the size of a small sheet, and then came running after me. "Where are you going?" she asked, surprised, as I turned down the path leading to the gate.

"Through this gate," I replied with decision.

"But you mustn't—we're not allowed to go through there—"

So strong was the force of old habits in that place that at the words *not allowed* my hand dropped of itself from the latch; and at that instant a voice calling quite close to us through the mist struck me rigid.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" called the voice. "Come in at once to your lessons—Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"It's Miss Robinson," whispered the little girl, twinkling with excitement; then, catching sight of my face, she said once more with eager insistence, "Who are you?"

*The National Review.*

"Oh, I'm a ghost!" I cried with conviction, pressing my hands to my forehead and looking round fearfully.

"Pooh," said the little girl.

It was the last remark I heard her make, for there was a creaking of approaching boots in the bushes, and seized by a frightful panic I pulled the gate open with one desperate pull, flung it to behind me, and fled out and away down the wide, misty fields.

The "Gotha Almanach" says that the reigning cousin married the daughter of a Mr. Johnstone, an Englishman, in 1885, and that in 1886 their only child was born, Elizabeth.

## THE GIPSY AND THE CUCKOO.

Tell me, brother, what's a cuckoo, but a roguish chaffing bird?  
Not a nest's his own, no bough-rest's his own, and he's never  
good man's word;  
But his call is musical and rings pleasant on the ear,  
And the spring would scarce be spring  
If the cuckoo did not sing  
In the leafy months o' the year.

Tell me, brother, what's a gipsy, but a roguish chaffing chap?  
Not a cot's his own, not a man would groan  
For a gipsy's worst mishap;  
But his tent looks quaint when bent  
On the sidesward of a lane,  
And you'd deem the rain more dreary  
And the long, white road more weary  
If we never came again.

Would your May-days seem more fair  
Were we chaps deep read in books,  
Were we cuckoos, cawing rooks,  
All the world cathedral closes,  
Where the very sunlight dozes,  
Were the sounds all organ-pealing, psalm and song and  
prayer?

*Ford M. Hueffer.*

## SONGS OF THE SEA.

England is richer in the possession of songs of the sea than any other country under heaven. The Dutchman and the Teuton have a few, of no conspicuous merit. Norway can boast of at least one fine specimen, a nautical song in every sense of the word, beginning "Mens Nordhavet bruser mod fieldbygt strand;" while the Danish "Sang for Flaaden" is terse and spirited to a degree, with a genuine salt-water smack about its half-dozen stanzas. But these stand alone among the sea rhymes of the North, and serve only to point the truth of our assertion.

That it should be so is not surprising, when we remember the love of most Englishmen for the sea, and the extent to which expressions drawn from things nautical have found their way into the common daily speech of our people. Here is a handful gleaned at random. "To keep aloof," i.e., to keep your luff when sailing to the wind, has been a term in common use on land since the days of Matthew Paris; to be "taken aback," i.e., by a sudden change of wind; to "lose one's ballast," or in other words, to grow top-heavy with conceit when the centre of gravity has sunk too low; to "bear a hand;" to bring a man to his "bearings;" to have a snug "berth;" to give a man "a wide berth;" to "chop about" in shifting winds of perplexity; to "cut and run;" to "run the gauntlet" (prop. *gantlope*), once a well-known ordeal on ship-board; to be "half-seas over," used by writers from Swift downwards as expressive of too much drinking; to leave a comrade "in the lurch;" to be "hard up" or to "bear up for Poverty Bay;" to recognize a man by the "cut of his jib;" to "look out for squalls;" to be left "high and dry;" to "tell it to the marines;" to "go to Old Nick," or

St Nicholas, the patron of sailors; to follow a thing to the "bitter end," i.e., to pay out cable till there is no more left at the bits; to "steer a middle course;" to "steer clear" of a man; to hold on "till all's blue," i.e., till the ship has made her offing; to be ready "in a brace of shakes," i.e., before the sail has flapped three times; to "kick up a breeze;" to put things "ship-shape;"—these are but a few out of many, that show how the life and familiar speech of every Englishman are salted by the briny breath of the four seas that wash his island home.

It is in the same natural environments of the British Isles that we find the origin of those incomparable sea ditties, which have been familiar as household words to our sailors since the days of Anson and the Nile, the days when line-of-battle-ships were built at Deptford Cattle Market, when for a shilling a wherry would carry you from the Pool into the midst of the Royal Navy, and Whitechapel swarmed with crimps, and press-gangs harried every tavern

From Richmond town  
To Horselydown.

Who ever heard of a French sea song worthy the name? Insipid and devoid of *verve*, mere jingles, not fit to be put side by side with the weakest of our own; their savor is of the Seine, not of the sea, their *philosophie* that of a boulevard *gamin* rather than a blue water tar. A Frenchman can no more sing of the sea, as an English sailor knows it, than could that *enfant de Paris* who sang

La vie est un voyage  
Tâchons de l'embellir!  
Jetons sur son passage  
Les roses du plaisir!

Poor, shabby, sickly stuff, as much like a sea stave as rose-water is like oil of vitriol.

Seeing that nearly seven centuries have sped since England first drew up a code of naval laws, and Edward I assumed "the sovereign lordship of the sea of England and of the isles within the same," it is strange that almost until yesterday the deeds of British sailors remained unsung. Our earlier poets seem to have felt

Of the sea a reverential fear,

and to have kept aloof, even in imagination, from its terrors and grandeur. That among the poems of Chaucer and Gower we should find no songs of the sea is less surprising than their absence from our rich treasury of old-world ballads. Many a Robin Hood ballad holds its place in our folklore; there is no lack of local traditions or of poetic effusions bearing upon political events now many centuries old; but we have not one single old-time ditty commemorating an adventurous voyage or a gallant sea deed, the sights our mariners saw under the glitter of the Southern Cross, or the perils they grappled with in the white North. Englishmen in those days sailed far, and must have had many such tales to tell; but for centuries their prowess was untold in verse. All we possess is a scrap or two of doggerel, with here and there a passing allusion in the pages of Drayton or Spenser. The poets, almost to a man, have ignored the most valorous fights in which the fleets of England have been engaged and have sung naught in honor of the many bold and romantic expeditions that left her shores.

One of the earliest proper sea songs is a roystering ditty in the comedy of "Common Conditions" (1576), in which the sailors make boast of the extreme swiftness of their ship rather than of their own valor. They fear no foe,

simply because they have "'scaped them off" by "swift swimming;" but we hasten to add that their craft is a merchantman and not a Queen's ship. Pepys has preserved a nautical ballad of yet earlier date, descriptive of a fight between Lord Howard and Sir Andrew Barton, a Scottish pirate, from which we learn that the naval force of England consisted at that time of but two ships of war. In the "Reliques" of Percy there is a sea stave called "The Winning of Cales," or Cadiz, but it is a dull effusion. Shakespeare has given us many snatches of old lyrics, but not one genuine song of the sea, with the exception, perhaps, of Stephano's ditty in "The Tempest":—

The master, the swabber, the boat-swain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,  
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us car'd for Kate, etc.

Notable sea songs surely must have been made and trolled in the spacious times of Queen Bess; but we know them not. Stuart times produced none, if we except a well-known ballad by Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, which has ever since been popular, no less for its lively wit and breezy flavor than on account of the circumstances under which it was composed. "To all you ladies now on land" was written while the fleets of England and Holland, commanded by the Duke of York and "foggy Opdam," were lying within gunshot of each other off Harwich, on the evening of June 3d, 1665. Dr. Johnson, however, asserts that Dorset "only retouched or finished it on the memorable evening; but even this," he graciously adds, "whatever it may subtract from his facility, leaves him his courage." However this may be, the ballad is such as we should expect from an accomplished courtier and cavalier:—

To all you ladies now on land,  
 We men at sea indite;  
 But first would have you understand,  
 How hard it is to write.  
 The Muses now, and Neptune, too,  
 We must implore to write to you,  
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

If as a composition Dorset's stanzas cannot vie with Theodore Körner's "Sword Song," written by a camp fire two hours before he fell, we must remember that Dorset was a poet rather than a sailor, serving as a volunteer on board ship, according to a custom by which it was no uncommon thing for a high-born civilian or a military officer to take charge of a fleet; to-day he might be in command of a regiment of horse, to-morrow of a three decker.

Under Cromwell something of the old Viking spirit blazed up, and in the intervals of its psalm-singing the country addressed itself to the preservation of that "sovereignty of the seas" which Grotius disputed and Seldey defended. Yet Blake and his fellows went to their graves unsung. The only extant sea ballad of the Protectorate is one by Martyn Parker, a cockney rhymmer, who wrote also "The King shall enjoy his own again." His verses, which are in Pepys's collection, are entitled "Saylers for my Money; a new ditty composed in the praise of Saylers and sea affairs, briefly showing the nature of so worthy a calling and effects of their industry, to the tune of the 'Jovial Cobbler.'" The poetaster makes his sailors sing of the "cares and the fears" of their calling in a strain calculated to arouse the wrath of Dildin, and barely reaches mediocrity in fourteen stanzas, of which the opening lines are the most familiar:—

Ye gentlemen of England,  
 Who live at home at ease,  
 Ah! little do you think upon  
 The dangers of the seas.

Sentiments identical with those of "A

Mariner's Glee" (temp. James I), the first stanza of which runs:—

We be three poor mariners,  
 Newly come from the seas;  
 We spend our lives in jeopardy,  
 While others live at ease.

Parker's song seems to have commended itself to the author of "Hohenlinden," who not only wrote for the air to which it was sung his fiery stanzas, "Ye Mariners of England"—the most robust and truly national lyric in our language—but incorporated therein the refrain "When the stormy winds do blow."

The arrival of William at Torbay in the *Brill* was the occasion of a sea song telling of how "the conquering hero came" over the subject waters, and of his welcome "on the British shore." Four years later appeared a more muscular specimen in commemoration of Russell's victory at La Hogue. It is a right vigorous ballad from the pen of an anonymous writer, who was evidently no mealy-mouthed minstrel, but a man used to the expression of his thoughts in forcible language. Succeeding years produced little in praise of the sea, seeing that the army had the pick of the laurels, and "The British Grenadiers" was a standing dish. Two ditties by John Gay belong, however, to this period, "Black-eyed Susan," a song rather of Cupid than Neptune, and "'Twas when the seas were roaring;" each undeniably the work of a landsman, and suited rather for a spinet than for the "rough and tumble" accompaniment of wind and wave.

The Electors of Hanover cared only for the sea as a troublesome line of demarcation, beyond which lay their home. The navy cost money, and Walpole ignored it. But the popular feeling clung fast to the old love. Stories of gallant deeds at sea were still the tradition, the delight and the heritage

of every English home. And so when Vernon made his dash upon Portobello the nation went half crazy. Woe to the householder who was tardy in lighting up! Woe to the niggard who grudged his penny for the bonfire! Bartlemy Fair was crowded with effigies in wax of the hero of the hour, and on every tongue was the carol:—

Admiral Vernon was a brave fellow,  
He took the town of Portobello;  
With six ships he took the prize,  
And this must open all your eyes.

The fame of his exploit lived long in the land, and at least a dozen years later Hogarth painted a one-eyed sailor with six bits of tobacco pipe before him, showing a barber in a pothouse how Portobello was won.

We possessed no real national song of the sea until James Thomson received a commission to write words for a musical medley at the Prince of Wales's private theatre.<sup>1</sup> The result was "Rule, Britannia," set to music by Arne, and touched up afterwards by Lord Bollingbroke. So the watchword song of Britons all over the earth was written to the order of a prince who had no English sympathies, and whose nautical knowledge was bounded by trips from Whitehall to Twickenham, in company with pretty ambassadors. Not much later appeared "Hearts of Oak," rugged and homely lines, instinct with fine national sentiment, and thoroughly attune with the sailor's sympathies. It is a fitting song for the lips of a Viking crew sailing south, and laughing at the thought of defeat, and is to be admired the more as the production of no sea-nurtured poet, but of a drawing-room darling, a prince of the stage, David Garrick. An equally fine piece is "The Storm," by Falconer of Leith, whose opening lines strike the

keynote of one of the most stirring sea staves ever penned:—

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer!  
List, ye landsmen, all to me!  
Messmates, hear a brother sailor  
Sing the dangers of the sea!

A few years afterwards the very popular "Bay of Biscay O" was produced by Andrew Cherry, and the coarse "Old Commodore," by Mark Lonsdale; while it is to Cowper that we owe the fine lament on "The loss of the Royal George," and the gloomy ballad of "The Castaway," with its personal allegory underlying an incident in Anson's voyage to the Horn. The former of these pieces is worthy of a place next "Hohenlinden," and makes us regret that the patriotic haretaming poet was not a dweller by the sea. With his chafing spirit craving for excitement, Cowper surely would have made no contemptible ocean poet, though it may be difficult to identify the bard of "loud hissing urns," and tea-cups and sofas, with the singer of Kempenfelt's sad dirge.

Just in the nick of time, at the outburst of enthusiasm which greeted the French war, came one with songs of dare-devil courage, rollicking humor and tender pathos. In 1745 was born Charles Dibdin, Tyrtæus of our fleet, the Allan Ramsay of the shepherds of the sea, whose fame has mocked at the vicious onslaughts of Lord Jeffrey, in whose judgment the songs of the sailor's laureate were mere ebullitions of slang.

Dibdin's influence upon the navy, as all men know, has not been unchallenged. Some have dubbed him a charlatan, and have declared that by his songs he has never given a sailor to the service. Captain Chamier, however, the author of "Ben Brace," thought otherwise, when he asserted that England can never pay her debt to Dibdin, whose songs breathe the very inspira-

<sup>1</sup> At Cillefden, in Buckinghamshire, on the 1st of August, 1740.



tion that our seamen need. Herman Melville, too, in "The White Jacket," declares that notwithstanding their savor of fatalism, his verses "breathe the very poetry of ocean." The truth is that Dibdin drew an idealized picture of a sailor's life and character, at a time when the blood of the country was at fever heat after a series of unparalleled victories; when a prince of the blood trod the quarter deck, and Nelson was hailed as the god of war. Anxious to "point a moral and adorn a tale," he cared little for strict adherence to technical truth; since his songs were sung as much on land as at sea, everybody knew them, and found in them an attractive mirror of "a life on the ocean wave."

His contemporaries did not know, as we know, that while the poet grossly exaggerated both the virtues and vices of sailors, his heroes were no more fair types of the real live British tar than was Fenimore Cooper's Chingachcook or Leather-stocking a type of the red man and the trapper of North America. Pitt, however, regarded him as a useful recruiting officer, and we may suppose that many an emotional landsman of tender age succumbed to the powerful influence of his verse.<sup>2</sup> The need of men at this time was sore and constant.

Everybody was possessed by the wholesome conviction that upon the navy alone depended safety from invasion. And yet ships of war went to sea in nine cases of ten undermanned, notwithstanding the merciless *razzias* of the press-gangs. There was need of a poet to soften realities. Tyranny and injustice went hand in hand with a terribly hard discipline; a hundred years ago a sailor's life was a difficult and bitter thing; and the pen of Dibdin was just the instrument needed to stir a

feeling of enthusiastic pride in the navy and to impress the British public with a notion that life on board a man-o'-war was the most enviable state of existence possible.

Dibdin, who was no slave to an over-exacting conscience, was petted by ministers and encouraged to write glowing songs in praise of the fleet; wherefore he wrote and failed not of his reward in the shape of a temporary pension. The popularity of some of his songs has but little declined, while Jack's hardships, of which they make no mention, are now to be found only on the pages of fiction. *Mutatis mutandis*, the colors in which Dibdin painted a sailor's life afloat are as true at the end of this century as they were false at its beginning.

Though the surroundings and treatment of our bluejackets are to-day very different, the men themselves have changed so little both in *esprit de corps* and professional peculiarities of thought, word and deed that Dibdin's stock *beau idéal* of a seaman remains what it was, intensely melodramatic and hopelessly unreal. Among other faults in his songs we note their frequent coarseness, their exuberance of nautical technicalities (with which, as a matter of fact, no one but a Commodore Trunnion ever interlarded his speech), and his glaring errors in the use of common sea terms. An amusing example of his inaccuracy is seen in the original edition (since amended) of his "Poor Jack," in which he wrote:—

For, says he, do you mind me, let  
storms e'er so oft  
Take the top-lifts of sailors aback;

from which it is pretty clear that he regarded "top-lifts" and "top-sails" as synonymous terms. Again, in "The

can hardly recount half a dozen bona fide volunteers."

<sup>2</sup> Captain Griffiths, R.N., in a pamphlet published in 1829 "On the Abolition of Impressment," wrote, "In the whole of our service we

Greenwich Pensioner," set to the old air of "The Plough Boy," occurs the phrase:

That time, bound straight to Portugal,  
*Right fore and aft* we bore.

And in "Jack in his Element" he perpetrated:

The *flowing* sails we tars *unbend*  
To lead a roving life,  
In every man we find a friend,  
In every port a wife.

A yet more absurd slip is in the "Flowing Can:"—

The cadge to welgh,  
The sheet belay,  
He does it with a wish;  
To heave the lead,  
Or to cat-head  
The pond'rous anchor fish.

It is superfluous to object that to "fish" the anchor to the cat-head would be an act of no less egregious folly than an attempt to cat-head the fish.

The sentimentality of Dibdin led him now and again to singular freaks of fancy. In his ballad of "Ben Backstay," wherein the sailor is said to brave "for the love of Anna" the frightful storm, it is also stated that he "thought of Anna, sigh'd and died," and that he wore her miniature round his neck. The idea is sufficiently amusing of a tarry topman mournfully contemplating the effigy of his only love during the progress of a gale. We fancy that he would far more likely have been found tattooed from top to toe with a portrait gallery of the loves which literally were too often but skin deep. Fanny on his larboard leg, as blue as powder and indigo could make her; Betsy on his breast, and Susan on his starboard arm, with clasped hands and coupled hearts galore.

Reversing the medal, let us give Dibdin his due as an admirable song writ-

er. Inimitable in his own line and without a worthy rival, even the most trifling of his ditties are characterized by a manly earnestness, and if marred by meretricious sentimentality are bright with a hundred touches of unaffected pathos. Singing ever in praise of duty and patriotism, he exalts also such qualities as valor, self-reliance, endurance, mercy and resignation. Perhaps he would have been a greater man if he had written less; for while we admire his genius and his choice of themes, we are of opinion that most of his thirteen hundred songs might be burnt to-morrow without any serious loss either to literature in general or to his own fame in particular.

His best do not number a score. Who can read "Poor Tom Bowling," written on the occasion of his brother's death, without feeling the influence of its pathetic simplicity and felicitous tenderness? Words, sentiment and melody (for Dibdin was no mean musician) are all in perfect keeping, and the result is a song that will last as long as England does. Of his other serious pieces we give highest place to "The Shipwreck," a composition in which Dibdin rises to a loftier plane of poetic feeling, and a higher elevation of tone, than in most of his other lyrics. The conception is dramatic, the incidents are natural and correctly detailed, with the aid of vivid and appropriate imagery.

It is especially as the writer, not of one only, but of a series of worthy sea songs that Charles Dibdin stands alone in the gallery of British poets. "The Arethusa," with its delightful colloquy between the skipper of the saucy frigate and the Frenchman on *La Belle Poule*, a song which our grandfathers often listened to from the lips of Inledon, was written by Prince Hoare, an Irishman, who never wrote anything else half so good. "Harry Bluff," an anonymous ditty, was immensely pop-

ular at one time, and is not unworthy of Dibdin himself:

The foe thought he'd struck, when he  
cried out "Avast,"  
And the colors of Old England he  
nailed to the mast,  
And he died like a true British sailor!

Equally good of its class, though too artificial in sentiment for a true song of the sea, is Barry Cornwall's "The Sea." Its literary merit accounts for its popularity; but it lacks a salt-water odor, and savors of Cockneydom rather than of norwesters. Put it alongside one of Dibdin's, and you see how unreal it is, simply because it is descriptive rather than dramatic, and teems with images that would never enter the mind of a sailor. It is a poet's song, but not the song of a sea poet, and probably no seaman has ever sung it. Although the poet aver that

If a storm should come and awake the  
deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep,

we honestly do not believe him, notwithstanding his further assurance that he has lived "full fifty summers a rover's life."

Redolent far more of blue water is Allan Cunningham's "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," which, though marred by faulty nautical expressions, is a wholesome and spirited song, little, if at all, inferior to Barry Cornwall's. Cunningham was, in fact, about the strongest of Dibdin's rivals. The Englishman's most racy staves are after all but the songs of impressed alongshore men, while the Scot sings of Vikings and sea rovers, the Robin Hoods of ocean, who counted piracy a thing of honor. Dibdin's jolly mariner, with a pocket full of prize money, and keeping up his acquaintance with blue water all in the way of business, has little in common with the sea robber

watching for his victim in some sheltered cove or wave-worn cavern, in love with the stress of storm, and claiming kinship with the guiding stars. It is curious to note that "honest Allan" seems to have shared the opinion of every landsman that a "sheet" is a sail, though the loblolly boy in any herring-man could have put him right. Nor did he disdain to assert an impossible thing when he sang of a ship sailing from an English port and leaving "England on the lee," as "the billow follows free," in ignorance of the fact that to perform such a feat the vessel must be on a wind, and that "on a lee" is an expression unknown to seafaring men. Wherefore it was not judicious on part of Cunningham to come down on Dibdin for his ignorance of ships and sailors' speech. As a matter of fact very few sea lyrics have been penned by practical seamen, and fewer still are free from error. Among such are those by Falconer and John Macken, author of "The Harp and the Desert," who, under the pseudonym of Ismael Fitzadam, acquired notoriety some seventy years ago. By birth and education an Irish gentleman, by nature a poet, Macken served on board a King's ship in the Mediterranean under Exmouth, and wrote a long description of the bombardment of Algiers. Subsequently, he died broken-hearted, unable to obtain from the government any recognition of the efforts of his muse. Scarcely less pitiable was the fate of Thomas Dibdin, who, overshadowed by the fame of his father, "lived neglected and died forlorn." Though he was the author of such sterling favorites as "The right little, tight little island," "When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove," and "All's Well," his contemporaries denied him bread, nor has posterity given him so much as a stone.

As a writer of songs we may set Charles Dibdin not far from Burns and

Béranger and Tom Moore. Had he been a daintier versifier his influence would have been less, for no truly poetic song has ever yet become widely popular. The secret of his power is to be found in an easy flow of versification, a keen perception of character, and a power of drawing it with intense realism. He has a thick brush and a heavy touch, but the likeness stands out sharp and clear, and from Sheerness to Shanghai Jack recognizes his mess-mate. He tunes his lyre to every mood of the sailor, and is as much at home in a psalm over a vanquished "Master Bruys" or Van Tromp, as in a lament over the absence of "lovely Nan."

In conclusion it occurs to us to ask, What were our real poets about, while a legion of poetasters, vastly inferior to Dibdin, were pouring out sea staves, good, bad and indifferent? Why did Scott never write a song of the sea, or Wilson, a brother Tory of the deepest dye, or Southey, staunch adherent of Church and King? It was left for young Thomas Campbell to write "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic," two of the noblest lyrics ever penned in praise of seamen.

Temple Bar.

Equally strange is it that so few of England's great naval victories should have roused the hearts of our poets to song. Charles Dibdin failed in the only two efforts to which they moved him, and Trafalgar and the death of Nelson were left to the tender mercies of hired rhymesters.

We fear that the age of sea songs is past. Such nautical ditties as have in our day flowed from the pens of ballad-mongers are cast in a different mould. There is little to be said in praise of the *fin de siècle* people's poet, who is content to chant the praises of the Old Kent Road, and to recount in shambling doggerel the kitchen-cupboard loves of cook and constable, or the cooing of barmalids and beer-bemused "Johnnies." "Annie Laurie" does now-a-days just as well for the fore-castle as anything else. Such inanities as "Tarara-boom-de-ay" have found a home in the hearts of men whose grandsires sang over bowls of "flip" songs that are now heard only as lisped by wooden-throated tenors at a penny reading. You may write a song for a sailor, but you cannot make him sing it.

Alan Walters.

## A HEAD BY HELLEU.\*

(Conclusion.)

### IV.

They had finished their dinner and were now going, as he had told his mother, to the theatre. Previous to this they had only gone to the matinee, because Lisbeth had to return punctually. But to-day she could not oppose his wishes. But when she anxious-

ly said that she hoped none of his acquaintances would see her there, he answered almost roughly: "That will do no harm, they ought to see you."

And there they sat in the parquet, in the clear blaze of light, among gaily dressed people. And she in her black woollen dress.

To-night it was an opera, "The Magic Flute." As she asked him what it meant, he said: "Oh, that is only an

\* Translated for *The Living Age* by Adene Williams.

incident; nothing will happen now; only listen to the tones." So she sat entirely quiet, with her eyes fixed upon the stage.

"This portrait is charmingly beautiful," sang Tamino.

"Thine," whispered Hubert. "Thy picture in the rococo frame, Mozart's vibrating tones and trills winding about it."

She turned towards him. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," he said again, "it was much too far-fetched to explain it to you now."

"It is indeed very hard, and I do not understand it at all," she said sadly.

Whilst he, excited by the day passed at her side, by the wine at dinner, by the music, talked ceaselessly between the acts, she remained silent, but this silence was more congenial to him than otherwise. He did not ask whether she understood all that he said to her, if she only listened to him with that earnest expression. He spoke of his work, which the public would understand after the lapse of time. One day he would be so celebrated that artists and laymen would follow him, would believe in him. And then he told her of his youthful love, to which he had before only alluded. She had understood him as no one ever would do again.

"Bah! that is over," he cried, "and it is well. I was then very young. Do you not know the verse:

Wer zum ersten Male liebt,  
Sich's auch glücklich, ist ein Gott,  
Aber wer zum zweiten Male. . .

"Oh, well, you haven't read Helne, you do not know it? But you needn't blush on that account. Poor child, how sensitive you are to-day. Be comforted, it is nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, to-day it is no longer the fashion. There are very respectable people, of well regulated minds who look sober when they are sad, and only

laugh when something pleases them. The greatest lyrical writer of the Germans is no longer esteemed by them—Therefore, as I tell you, I conquered that ancient history long ago. For now I have you! And you will stay with me, you child. And you love me and you will continue to love me. Beside you, my Lisbeth, I do not need to be afraid that I will love unluckily the second time, and therefore be considered a fool, as the verse has it. You have not somewhere a wooer who is more comfortably off than I am."

She looked down at her lap that he should not see the tears in her eyes. She was not weeping over what he said to her, for she scarcely heard it, but over this lack of comprehension, this strangeness, which so oppressed her to-day for the first time.

In the second act she asked him to look at his watch. The Frau Doctor's maid must be at home punctually at half past ten. What if she should be late!—But he did not notice her anxiety. It would not matter. He was going to come for her in a couple of days. Did she think that he was going to have his bride remain a servant-maid any longer? To-morrow he was going to Berlin to talk over the prospect with the Professor and some people and then he would return to prepare for the wedding.

"What! what is that?" he cried charmed with her shy contradiction. "You must first equip your sister and get her a place? Why? We will do that together later. I tell you, I will be married, will have a house and a home and make my way and push on! When we are married we will not go to Italy on a wedding journey as has been the custom from time immemorial. We will go to England, better—to Glasgow, where new thoughts, new styles and new motives rule, which you, uninfluenced by the classical age will see with fresh eyes. And," he continued

softly, for the music had again commenced and the people on the seat before them turned round and motioned him to be still—"and if then you are not pleased with what I think beautiful, if you do not feel with me, my lines and my color-ideas, also myself and my thought,—then, then—"

He looked into her eyes, smiling, loving, in careless security. The music played, Tamino and Papageno, after enduring the most singular trials, were happily united with their best loved, and there was a wonderfully beautiful tableau for conclusion. She saw it all and heard the music and understood nothing of it all.

It was already late, long past eleven, when he took her home.

"Good night, my love," he said, "till to-morrow. At six o'clock in the evening I will be punctually at your door, to speak to you once more before I start for Berlin. When I come back, I will go directly to Dr. Ross to demand you from him and we will celebrate our marriage."—He took her in his arms: "My Lisbeth, what can they do to you, my heart, that you tremble so! How? Would you rather stay with me, now, in the night and indeed not go back to your servitude?" and he kissed her on the eyes and held her fast.

But in the next second—he must have felt the painful sighs, with which she tremblingly clung to him—then he pushed her from him:—

"No, no! That I will not yet!"

He had released her from his arms. As if hunted she fled from him, through the little front garden and knocked on the cellar window. The cook Wea was still awake. She came in her shuffling slippers and unlocked the door for her:

"What is the matter with you? Everybody has been asking for you."

Lisbeth slipped as silently as possible through the house, silent for the night. And yet in the first story the door

opened and there stood the Frau Doctor before her in her red sleeping gown and the light in her hand:—

"It is you at last! Where have you been so late? I thought something must have happened to you—Now, do speak."

"Ah, Frau Doctor! Yes, we were at the theatre. If the Frau Doctor will only excuse me this once," she stammered.

The lady looked at her with a penetrating glance. "Were you with Dr. Ehren? And he is really going to marry you? Lisbeth, if he only does not some day repent, and then you will also be unhappy!"

She turned and went back with her silver lamp in which the light was flickering, to her sleeping room.

As if her feet were shod with lead Lisbeth went up the second flight to her own room. Wilhelmina was fast asleep. She did not light up. She took off her clothes, slipped into bed and lay there and folded her hands under the cover over her heart, trying to keep it from beating so loud that it might waken others.

Hubert indeed wished to marry her. She had no such doubts as the lady had as to that. All that he had said to her of their wedding and travels and of their future now passed through her mind again. And his mother in her black satin dress, Grethe with the plate of cakes, the elegant Mrs. Lydia in the brilliantly lighted restaurant, who looked at her so strangely. And her mother there at home in the village, who had so often struck her and would strike her again, if she ever vexed her. And Lina, who was always growing out of her own things, and who from the big sister Lisbeth expected shoes, dresses, aprons, a good service and advice and money. If she were a rich woman, Frau Doctor Ehren, or soon, as he had said, Frau Professor, then she would never need



to go back to the village again, she would receive no more blows, she would have dresses enough and for Lina also. And from his beard and clothes she again breathed the delicate perfume which charmed her. And he again drew her toward him and looked at her with his shining eyes: "To see the lines of your neck, the way the hair grows on your temples, that is happiness for me."

And she heard his mother saying: "A feast for your eyes!"

She turned in her bed. Wilhelmina snored. Noiselessly she stretched out one bare foot, then the other from under the covers, slipped over the creaking boards, opened her drawer, and drew from between the clothes the white frame—she knew where to find it in the dark—took it back into bed with her and lighted her little light. She looked at all the fine lines which gave the shadows such value, and at the lines of the hair. She again examined the face, which she had never rightly understood. Her own hair was loosened, the sleeping jacket had drawn it down upon her neck, she propped herself up in bed and held the drawing in the frame and stared at it fixedly. How like she was to the picture in this position, in this light, she had no idea.

Wilhelmina turned around in bed, as if she were going to wake up. Lisbeth hurriedly put out the light, and concealed the picture under the cover. She listened, almost breathless. But the other was already asleep again. Then she let her head sink back on her pillows and lay with great, wide open eyes the entire night.

With the dawn of day she got up. Wilhelmina turned herself yawning, stretched herself and asked why she was getting up so early. Lisbeth gave her no answer, she was already half out of the room, as if she had not heard the question. She went down

into the kitchen, took from the shelf the little bottle of ink, placed upon the wooden table a sheet of paper and wrote.

When the cook and the maids came into the kitchen, she was already at work.

In the afternoon she asked the old coachman to do something for her. She brought him a packet and a letter, and charged him that he should deliver it and not wait and not make a mistake.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, certainly," said Henry Meyer, "I will surely take it, you can be certain; I know the hotel and I can easily find it. I know how to take love letters for the girls. That is a letter."

"Hei!" said Wilhelmina, "you look as if you were miserable, Lisbeth, what is the matter with you? Such a fine man, I saw him go by. And yet you are not satisfied!"

"Let her alone!" said the old Wea, and caressed the girl, "she is still young. Not so, Lisbeth?"

When the table was set, the Frau Doctor came through the room. "How you are looking, Lisbeth! You must know that I wish you well. But if it happens often that you come home so late—And then with such an anxious countenance—with such unhappy eyes, so—No, that will not do."

"Frau Doctor, it will never happen again."

"You say so now. But when you are with Dr. Ehren,—if this lasts much longer—"

"No, Frau Doctor, it will not last longer. It is ended. I have written him a letter."

"Written?" The lady looked at her unbelievably—"written, what?"

"That I cannot marry him. I am not suited to him. He will not see it. But I know it well, since yesterday—and after, after he would know it and then it would be too late."

"And he, what does he say?"

"Ah, that I do not yet know. I am so anxious. He will not like it."

The lady shook her head. "A strange world!" she said.

When Lisbeth went to her room in the evening, she did not look at her drawer. There were her clothes and her two dresses, but no longer a picture. Toward morning she dropped asleep. Wilhelmina had to wake her. She cleared up the room as usual. Below the Frau Doctor sat at breakfast. The chambermaid, who was coming and going, left the door half open.

"The gentleman is coming at last! Frau Doctor could not understand what was keeping him. He had been called out at six o'clock, to a stranger, who lived in the hotel. Something unlucky must have happened. I almost know it."

They both listened. The firm step of the doctor was heard on the stairs. They heard what he said to his wife.

"What, dear child, you are still waiting for me with the tea. You should not do that. Yes, it is a sad story. A young man. Shot in the breast. It is all over now. And strange—the whole time, while he was struggling with death, he had his eyes, already failing, fixed upon a picture, a sketch of one of the modern French, such as you admire. I looked at it myself and read the name on the back of the frame, it was by Helleu!"

The two girls heard a low scream. Then quick questions and answers. Then another scream—The doctor called for Wilhelmina. She ran in. Lisbeth stood with the broom and the dust cloth in her hands and knew nothing of herself and nothing whatever but that her heart and her head and she herself were turning around, more and more rapidly, all alone in a great, great void—

"How you stand there!" cried Wilhelmina, who came in again, and hurriedly got flasks and cloths. "Frau

Doctor has fainted. Come and help. Somebody is dead."

And Lisbeth braced herself and knelt beside the sofa and supported the head of the young woman, while her husband and the chambermaid loosened her clothing and bathed her forehead with ice water.

"I thank you, dear child," said the doctor, "do not be so disturbed, it is already over; fortunately it is not much. But you,—you look as white as a cloth because my wife has fainted. And my poor wife here lost her consciousness because she heard that a man, whom she does not know, had shot himself. —Now—she will soon recover. It will be better for her not to see so many people when she comes to. Wilhelmina can stay. You may go without anxiety to your work.

She slipped out and wiped the dust from the furniture as she had been doing before.

In the afternoon, Frau Hertha lay on the lounge, which was drawn up to the window, her head propped up, while she turned over the leaves of a book. Lisbeth knocked softly. The two looked in each other's eyes a minute and then turned away from each other almost simultaneously.

"Frau Doctor," said the girl softly, "I only want to ask the Frau Doctor—I—I must go away. If it is all the same to the Frau Doctor, then I will hunt another place."

Frau Hertha had raised herself. She wrung her small, white hands. And then she sprang up and passed through the room with trembling steps and then stood still before Lisbeth.

"How can you stand there so quietly? How can you be so still? Do you feel nothing? You have killed him, You!"

The girl took the end of her apron and laid it in little folds and held it so. One could see how she pressed her teeth together. Then she spoke, her

young voice sounded as usual, scarcely even trembling.

"Frau Doctor, I wrote to my betrothed, that is true. Frau Doctor also said that I was not suited to him, that I was entirely unfit for him. It could not be otherwise. And—I knew well that he would take it badly from me. But that—No, I did not think that. And that I never wished. And if I had known it—"

"Does one ever know what will come out of her actions?" sighed the lady. "If I had known, imagined, when I was talking to you last evening."

"Frau Doctor," said the poor girl. "It is done. It must remain done."

"And you will take another place?" asked the lady, looking at the girl uncomprehendingly from her tearful eyes, "how will you do that, how *can* you do that?"

"I must, Frau Doctor, I dare not do *that* too; it would be very bad. Beside I have my sister to look out for. If Frau Doctor will allow me to go, I will stay home for a couple of days. My mother will scold. But that also is nothing much. I must look after my sister and see if I can bring her away at once. And if she is ready I would rather go to some house where we can stay together. And I would rather not be here in this town."

"And serve, serve, ever and ever, making beds and scrubbing stairs for strange people, your whole life long, and he dead—and you loved him?"

"Yes, Frau Doctor. But how does that help things now? I would gladly have been his wife. And at first I did not think of anything else. But Sunday, when I was with him, then I already knew it; that which he thought I could not be—and so beautiful as I had imagined it—that was very stupid of me—and his mother was quite friendly, but so strange. And he also was strange. I did not understand the half. And then all the people, Mrs.

Rundschau.

Weber, and others, who looked at me—I was continually ashamed of myself. That I could not help. And so—and on that account—"

Frau Hertha sadly shook her head: "It is incomprehensible. Such a person! But only go, Lisbeth—you know your way, as you wish to take it, better than I. Yes, only take it."

The girl bowed her head in thanks and went out of the room, in her red dress of a serving maid, with the little white cap.

Before Frau Geheimrath Ehren, sitting at her accustomed place by the window, was the white frame with the etching by Hellen, and on the knees of the old lady was spread out the letter which they had found on her dead son:

My dearest Hubert:—

I can not come this evening. I am very sorry. And I also can not come to-morrow evening and no other evening. I can not marry you. Your mother saw it yesterday and now I also know it; it would not be suitable. And that the picture is so wonderfully beautiful as you found it and also the Frau Doctor—no, I can not see it so. Therefore I send it back to you. Do not be angry with me. Truly I can not. It is very sorrowful to me myself, but it can not be. Therefore I say adieu to you.

Your Elizabeth.

And the desolate old mother, as she compared the childish, uncertain lines of the short letter with the face which looked so earnestly from the frame of the etching, for the first time understood the love of her dead son, felt all at once through all her pain a comprehension, a something in common with that which he had perceived in her.

A child, as Hubert had said, but a child who knew what she ought to do, and without caring for the opinion of the world could take the best way to preserve her "Ego" and her individual entity.

Adalbert Meinhardt.

## A REAL TREASURE.

(Conclusion.)

## CHAPTER III.

It must not be supposed that Nancy Seaward deliberately set herself in the first instance to avoid her kinsman. She had on taking up her duties at Laurel Grove been diffident of her own powers, and the excuses she made for not obtruding herself upon him were perfectly natural. Her hands were full, and she had no time for society. But as the days went on and she realized how entirely John Whipp's thoughts were centred upon his own comfort, a certain contempt for him grew up in her heart. Being for the moment the custodian of his purse she could not fail to know that his charities were many and unstinted. Spending largely upon himself, he also gave freely to those in need; but his generosity was fatally flawed in her eyes by the readiness with which he pandèred to appetite. There is perhaps no fault so contemptible in a young girl's estimation as a love of good eating. John Whipp lived but for the pleasure of dining; in her scorn for his weakness she disowned him as a cousin. As his hired handmaid she would give him faithful service; since to eat was the chief aim and pleasure of his life, his board should be spread with delicate cakes, but as one of her own blood she would have none of him.

Her resolution was the more easily supported since at this season of the year all the younger members of the Whipp family, as well as their neighbors and acquaintances, were seeking refreshment at the sea; even Ethel had gone upon a round of visits, and Grannie was left alone at the White House. As for her own people, stress of summer work at the farm kept them too busy to pay many visits. Once or

twice, when he had occasion to be in Brierly-Stoke, she saw her father; but Thomas Seaward was a quiet man, indisposed to curiosity, and he asked few questions. For the rest, Henry the milkman, who supplied Laurel Grove, sufficed as the bearer of any needful message.

Grannie, who vastly enjoyed the dignity of her solitary state, was very kind to the girl. She smoothed her path with the refractory and jealous Eliza, she lent her books, she insisted on taking her out for airings in the old-fashioned barouche, careful, however, not to pass the bank.

Nancy alone of the sisters had inherited her father's reticence. She was a girl whom it was not very easy to know, but few young people could long remain proof against Grannie's stately charm, and Nancy half unconsciously yielded to it like the rest. As for Grannie, the more she knew of the girl the better she liked and respected her; she even began to ask herself whether after all—then came a vision of the sisterhood at Roots, and she shrank back timidly from the wandering idea. Better let things take their course.

They pursued their tranquil way till the heat of August as it merged into September parched the land. John had long ceased to trouble himself about his mysterious inmate; he had almost forgotten her existence, save when a worse report than usual came to him of Eliza's condition or some new dish attracted his attention.

A thunderous night had kept him tossing wakefully, and at six o'clock he was fain to rise, feeling it vain to woo sleep longer. He drew the blind and looked out upon his garden. The twelve years of its growth had established the lawn, now glittering with the

night's dew—it lay in fair expanse before him, flanked by glowing beds of crimson, yellow and white dahlias. A few well-grown oaks spared in the laying out of the ground gave a mature look to the smiling acre. John took pride and pleasure in his garden, but, a late sitter at night, he had seldom seen it at so early an hour. He resolved to wander out in it now. As he turned from the window, two women, each provided with a basket, emerged upon the side path and rapidly made their way to the end of the garden. A narrow and little frequented lane there divided the pleasure portion of his domain from the large and well-stocked kitchen garden and orchard, but a light rustic bridge, overarched the lane, connected the two. He watched until the maidens appeared upon its crest, and disappeared from his view as they tripped down the steps on the opposite side. The one he recognized as Jane, the other he supposed to be some kitchen helper; he had heard that an attendant had been secured for Eliza.

The balm and freshness of the morning air rewarded him for his exertion. He sauntered, delighted and admiring; a twitter in the tree-tops, the last faint echo of summer's full song, held him. Unseen himself, he watched a bright-eyed robin flit from the oak-tree intent upon the early worm; the swallows in conference over their coming flight sunned themselves upon the eaves. The blaze of flower beauty was over, but scarlet geranium and white marguerite still gaily crowned the tree-stumps masked with ivy; a late rose or two still scented the air. With a rare impulse of vanity, he selected the most perfect and placed it in his button-hole. Then, with no thought but of prolonging the pleasure of his walk, he turned his steps towards the rustic bridge and crossed it. Here utility alone prevailed; the paths between the espaliers were turfed, and he moved onward noise-

lessly, investigating with interest the promise of fruit. Suddenly at the end of a long alley which diverged to the right he perceived the two maidens, whose existence he had forgotten. Jane, selecting Victoria plums from a sunny wall, saw her master and dropped a little timid curtsy; the other girl stood motionless, lost in a reverie. The basket at her feet was half filled, and indeed Nancy was thinking of nothing more serious than the *ménu* for the day. The French beans were growing too old even for the most skilful cookery. She cast a critical eye over the beds; parsnips, cauliflowers, carrots, cabbage, parsley—her basket already held these; vegetable-marrow—she shook a doubtful head; artichokes—her lips pursed themselves thoughtfully; spinach—one had spinach so often.

John stood arrested in wonder, staring in forgetfulness of his manners. Surely this was no maid-servant, this tall, slim girl with the delicate profile? He studied her amazed. She wore the plainest of close-fitting indigo-blue cottons; a pair of gauntleted gloves protected her hands; a white sun-bonnet tied loosely had slipped from her head to her neck, leaving revealed the coil of warm brown hair. For a full minute he looked at her unperceived, then, with a subtle consciousness that she was no longer alone, she turned and faced him.

Instinctively he lifted his hat. Nancy returned his greeting with a very distant movement of her stately head, while she untied and replaced her sun-bonnet. She looked at him from out its tunnelled depths with a pair of calm, beautiful gray eyes, and said, seeing his embarrassment—

"My name is Seaward."

John took a step forward.

"You—you have come to help your sister?" he asked. "She has so kindly been taking charge for me during the last few weeks."

"I am Nancy," she said coldly, correcting his mistake.

He reddened in the immensity of his surprise; she could not refuse his cordially outstretched hand, but she allowed her own to remain impassive in his grasp.

"Then it is you," he said, still bewildered—"you whom I have to thank."

"You owe me no thanks, Mr. Whipp," said Nancy, with dignity. "I was in search of work and you employed me. You pay me amply for my services."

"But—there is a debt which money can't pay."

She accepted the assertion without comment, and turned forthwith to her neglected task. In a very few minutes her basket was filled. He found it impossible to help watching her; she was so quick, cool, adroit, so absolutely indifferent to his presence. When she was about to turn away he sprang forward.

"Let me carry the basket," he said.

"Thank you, it is not too heavy for me."

But John had a masterful fibre in him and his spirit was roused.

"If you forbid me to thank you," he said genially, "at least you must allow me to take my own way in my own garden." He seized the basket, and courteously motioned her to precede him; the grass path was not wide enough for two. As he followed her he could not take his eyes off her. This a Seaward—this the stirring, lively, velveteen-clad Nancy of his imagination? How could he possibly be so mistaken? But—could it really be? Could Roots produce so rare a creature? How slim she was, and how straight she carried herself—Nancy, indeed, was quite capable of assuming an extra dignity, as she felt herself under his scrutiny—and with what a cold composure she had met his embarrassed greeting! The Nancy Seaward he had pictured would have blushed

and bridled, minced and giggled, addressed him perhaps after the first abashed moment as John; yet the real Nancy's formal "Mr. Whipp" failed equally to please him. With *this* Nancy he was willing to be on terms of cousinship.

They walked apart until, the bridge crossed, they reached the wide gravelled paths of the garden; he hastened then to join his companion.

"I think," he said, "it must be a long time since we met. I recall your sisters very well ('only too well,' to himself) but you—"

"I have been away from home for a number of years."

"Ah," he said, "that accounts for it. Had you been at home I should certainly have remembered you. I couldn't possibly have forgotten you. You must have been a child when I last saw you."

To so obvious a statement she made no reply. He found her unresponsiveness a little disconcerting.

"Why have you hidden yourself so persistently?" he made a fresh attempt at liveliness. "It was very cruel of you since you knew, you must have known, what a pleasure it would have been to me to see you and—and—talk to you. Why, when I met your father the other day I could only tell him I believed you were all right. How odd it must have sounded, how absurd!" It seemed so to John himself now.

She looked at him calmly. "It was not necessary for us to meet; you yourself"—with the faintest accent of disdain—"did not think it necessary until this morning. I am here to carry out your wishes, your orders, and so long as you can transmit them through Jane—"

"Orders—that's an ugly word!"

"It is the only one that expresses our relation." She turned to the little maid behind her: "Jane, take the basket from your master; I will carry the



plums." With a lofty "Good-morning," she dismissed him, and, taking the side path behind the laurel screen that led to the kitchen premises, was quickly lost to view.

Quiet, methodical John Whipp, as he sat in his well-furnished private room at the bank that day, had a tingling sensation as of one who has tasted adventure. He was both amused and annoyed—amused with the airs of Miss Nancy, annoyed at his own misconception of her. Yet why should he trouble himself about her now any more than he had done during the two months she had been under his roof? Why, indeed, but that she was handsome while he had thought her plain, proper while he had assured himself she would be boisterous.

Now the conduct of John Whipp after this date can only be recorded as unbecoming, and, if you like, undignified in a responsible man of forty with the reputation of a confirmed bachelor to maintain. For instead of accepting Nancy's view of the situation, and contenting himself with playing master to so willing a handmaid, he must needs suddenly remember and press the claims of kinship. Miss Seaward vanished in Nancy, Nancy the youngest of the Roots cousins, Nancy the unique in that rough-and-ready household. On all possible occasions he waylaid her: in the dewy early morning when she went to the garden; on market-days, when he was lost in admiration of her judicious skill in selection; even on Sundays when, prayer-book in hand, she walked sedately to church. She submitted with an annoyed impatience she did not always keep in check; she answered his questions shortly, she altogether refused to consult with him.

"You know what you want," she said, "there is no need for discussion. Express your wishes, and I will do my best to fulfil them."

"You do that admirably, but—can't

you imagine that it is a pleasure to see you? If you had taken your proper place we should at least have dined together. What have poor Aunt Anne and I done that you should avoid us so persistently?"

"Miss Whipp doesn't complain of me," she said with lifted chin.

"She misses you—she would like more of your society."

"She is a woman. She understands that one cannot be in two places at once. If I have to cook your dinner, Mr. Whipp, I cannot at the same time eat it in your company."

"Mr. Whipp!"

She took no notice of the reproach.

"Nancy, how long do you mean to be so formal? Do you wish me to call you Miss Seaward?"

"I should prefer it," she said coldly.

"When I entered your service I became your housekeeper—your cook, if you will. While I remain in it, please remember that I am that and nothing more."

"Not even a third cousin?"

"We have not found you so anxious to press the relationship at Roots," she said disdainfully.

He reddened consciously, but said with an amazing simplicity: "I didn't know you then."

"Nor do you know me now."

"You give me no chance"—he pressed his advantage. "Why, even as my housekeeper you would naturally preside at my table—"

"I have already explained to you why that is impossible."

"Then let the dinner cook itself," he said impulsively.

She laughed at that, a gay, girlish laugh. It was the first time he had seen her merry, and it pleased him amazingly, even though she was merry at his expense.

"Mr. John Whipp to make such a proposal! Mr. John Whipp willingly, voluntarily, to forego the pleasures of

the table! Mr. John Whipp to renounce the crowning glory of the day, the one end for which he lives! Do I hear aright?" She apostrophized the pictures on the wall, sober Whipp ancestors, who followed her with serious, disapproving eyes.

"You do hear aright," cried John, nettled yet amused; "try me, and see if I do not mean what I say." He held out his hand as if to clinch a bargain, but she evaded it and fled. He heard the echo of her stifled laughter as the balze door, beyond which he never penetrated, fell to behind her.

But the more she eluded him the more he found his thoughts occupied with her. She was very handsome; he could not recall such another pair of eyes in Brierly-Stoke, a mouth that could be so suddenly stern, yet so suddenly sweet and childlike in its laughter. Nobody except Aunt Emily at the White House had a finer carriage, a greater dignity. And then her cooking—it was superb! It was instinctive in her, no tuition could have reached the same perfection. She lifted it into a fine art; it was only equalled by her skill in household management. She might have been a matron of twenty years' standing instead of a mere slip of a girl, her judgment was so mature, her decisions so judicious. He began to bemoan the day when he should lose her. Of course she would go back to Roots. She hinted already at a speedy departure. Only yesterday Aunt Anne had told him that if Eliza were not soon able to resume her duties, dear Nancy would be leaving; she had only come as a stop-gap.

"I don't see why she should go," he said crossly. "Isn't she comfortable? Is the work too hard?"

Aunt Anne did not think so, but her own family might require her.

"Nonsense," he said brusquely, "there are women enough yonder."

But after that John, who had always

been kind, redoubled his attentions. He secured an efficient kitchen maid, he found out her taste in books and kept her sitting-room well supplied. When Grannie left the White House to join her daughter Ethel, he insisted that Aunt Anne should take her for a daily airing.

It was not till the doctor, a week or two later, hinted that Eliza was not making the progress he expected, and might never be fit for work again, that it occurred to him how he might secure Nancy's services permanently. He was greatly perturbed at the doctor's news. Then suddenly, like a ray of light, it flashed across him that he might marry Nancy. The first effect of this idea was stunning. He suffered as if from an electric shock; but in ten minutes it had acclimatized itself, in twenty it began to seem desirable, in half an hour he felt as if he had purposed the wooing of Nancy from the first moment his eyes fell on her. It was in every way a capital plan, both for himself and for her; he could give her a better home than she could ever hope to have at Roots.

With John to resolve was to execute. He found Nancy once more in the cool of the garden while yet the night mists were scarcely sucked up, and on some flimsy pretext dismissed the attendant Jane.

Nancy had ceased to look annoyed at interruption, she had even learned to find a certain amusement in this big cousin's imperturbable methods. He refused to be snubbed, therefore she ceased to snub him. Women, whatever they may say, like a masterful man.

But when he began, stammeringly at first, then with growing composure, to make known his wishes, the blood turned to fire in her veins. She would have given a great deal to answer him with dignity, but the floods of her indignation were let loose. He held out his hand so confidently, as if he ex-

pected her to curtsy to him with humble gratitude while he deigned to raise her up, he who offered to marry her—he said nothing of love—that she might cook for him, and wait upon him, an unpaid servant, forever!

In words of passionate scorn she denounced him, and then, stricken and sobbing with the sense of the degradation she had suffered, she slipped past him and escaped.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The first visit Grannie paid on her return to Brierly-Stoke was to Roots. She saw the elder sisters first, and answered their hundred questions patiently. They had heard of Ethel's engagement—was it true? Yes, it was indeed quite true; rather unexpected, but very satisfactory in every way, and for the dear child's happiness. Grannie choked down a sigh. She dilated in her gentle way upon the subject until the curiosity of Martha and Susan and Jessie was sated, and then she asked to see Nancy and was told she was in the garden.

Thither Grannie followed her, begging leave to find her way alone; and when Mrs. Whipp made a request in that little regal way she could put on no Seaward sister dared refuse her. She drew Nancy, who got up from the bench where she sat with a proud startled look, close to her gray Chudda shawl with a very tender movement.

"My dear," she said, "I have come to steal you once more. No," she smiled, as Nancy made a movement of resistance, "not to be anybody else's cook this time, but my dear companion. You have heard that I am losing Ethel? She is to be married next week, and then—I shall be childless. Nancy, will you share my home? All my children wish it. Autumn will soon be here, and I am thinking of going abroad. It is only a foolish old woman's notion, but when my Ethel goes to India I feel that

I shall be a little nearer her in the South of France. But I am a poor traveller, quite unused to taking tickets and looking after luggage, and making my wants known in foreign tongues. Will you come and take care of me, Nancy? The children are all so persuaded their poor old mother cannot look after herself, and they will thank you as gratefully as I."

She could not have made any appeal that more closely touched the proud, sore-hearted girl, but Nancy still hung back.

"But, perhaps you have not heard—I think you ought to know—"

"My dear, I want no confessions. Think of me as an old witch who knows everything without being told; and now, shall we go and break the news to your sisters? I have your father's consent already. You see I was bold enough to take yours for granted."

That winter by the sea was like a reincarnation for Nancy. They settled themselves in a large hotel near Cannes, where they had a private sitting-room and need mix no more than they chose with the gadding crowd. Their windows opened upon a garden of palms and aloes and wonderful vegetation, which bowered enchanting glimpses of the sunlit sea. Nancy had never dreamed that any world could be so fair. And in Grannie's company she expanded mentally and grew spiritually. There was about the old lady so fine a dignity, so all-embracing a charity, and at the same time so wise an estimate of men and things, that a young girl could not but learn much of her. Just as Nancy's hands softened and grew white now that they were no longer claimed by toil, so her judgments grew milder, her manners easier. She carried herself better, she dressed better, and every day, her blood the richer for sun and sea, she grew handsomer and happier.

Grannie was scarce allowed to miss

Ethel, her tyrant and her darling; Nancy walked and drove with her on the Croisette; listened to the music in the Cercle Nautique, read to her, and picked up the dropped stitches in her knitting. They talked of home, and discussed the letters that came from India, and Brierly-Stoke, and Manchester, and London, and mourned very sincerely together when they heard of the death of Miss Anne Whipp. They grew more and more to each other as the weeks passed on.

The glimpses of life as it revealed itself at *table d'hôte* had also their educational value for Nancy; her first tea at Rumpelmayer's was a breathless experience, and a new soul seemed born in her when she heard the world-renowned band in the Beaux-Arts at Monte Carlo. Not for all the music in the world would Grannie have set her dainty foot in the Casino.

And all the while, wise woman as she was, Grannie never sought to probe into the girl's wound, either to sympathize or make light of it. She did not avoid John Whipp's name, but neither did she obtrude it. She spoke of him naturally when his name came up in the home letters. At first Nancy listened with a defiant throb of the heart; but by-and-by, so gently was she being moulded by Grannie's influence, she began to wonder whether her share in that business was so very heroic after all. If John Whipp had not loved her as a girl desires to be loved, at least he had made no pretence of anything but a kindly affection for her, and, after all, a man pays a woman the highest compliment in his power when he asks her to share his life. So Nancy forgave him, and learnt to listen to such little scraps of news as that he was enlarging the bank and had taken to gardening and was thinking of building a commodious greenhouse, without wincing.

By-and-by February came and the

flowers with it. Grannie dearly loved to buy acacia sprays and early anemones and roses and all the sweets of the spring to send to the children at home; and one day when she and Nancy were paying their morning visit to Roux's in the Rue d'Antibes, she turned to the girl and said:

"I should like to send some to poor Eliza Jones. Will you write the address for me, my dear? I am afraid my shaky old hand will not be very legible.

Nancy drew off her glove and took the pen; the old lady dictated an address in London.

"Why—is Eliza having a holiday?"

"Didn't you know," said Grannie with artful surprise, "poor Eliza was sent home to her relations a few days after you left? She will never be fit for service again, poor thing. But John has been very liberal; he has settled a comfortable little pension on her, so that she may be well taken care of. My daughter Harriet and the children go to see her often."

"And—Mr. Whipp," stammered Nancy, "has he found another treasure?"

"I am afraid not." Grannie buried her fine little nose in a bunch of daffodils to hide a smile. "I believe he has shut up part of the house and has Nichols, the charwoman, to look after him. Jane was much too young to be left without supervision, but she has found a good home with young Mrs. Evan Whipp."

Nancy heard in silence, but she found herself thinking, not without a touch of humorous compassion, a good deal about cousin John and his forlorn condition, while she ate and drank of the best and was luxuriously housed. How he must feel the change, what a miserable man he must be, and—and—had she not perhaps been a little hard upon him, after all? So that one day, when the heat was growing intolerable and they were thinking of moving on, Gran-

nle found the way already paved for a little plan she had to propose.

"I want to show you something of Paris, dear," she said, "but I am a very poor guide. I have not been there since my dear husband and I went on our honeymoon, and I am told I shall find it a changed world. My nephew, John Whipp, proposes to take a little holiday this spring—for I am sure he needs it, poor fellow—and I have been wondering if he could be persuaded to come and take charge of two helpless women. What think you, Nancy?"

"I think what you think," said Nancy, bending over the back of Mummy's chair so that her faint accession of color was not visible. "I am sure Mr. Whipp will be very useful—at the Custom House."

"Yes—at the Custom House," Grannie quickly acquiesced, with a hovering smile.

John, who in truth had been intriguing for an invitation, made such haste to respond to Grannie's note that he took the ladies by surprise. They had expected him in the evening and he came in the morning, and found Nancy in a dark blue gown like that in which he had first seen her, only it came from Paris and fitted her much better, arranging the flowers she had bought in his honor that morning from a walnut-faced old woman in the Allée de la Liberté. She had schooled herself to be quite friendly to him, and held out her hand readily when she had got over the start he gave her by his sudden appearance; but somehow there was an indefinable something about John that made friendliness difficult. It was not that he was stiff, for indeed he took the hand humbly enough, but that, incredible as it seemed, he was shy. Was this the self-confident John who had so magnificently thrown his handkerchief to her and expected her humbly to pick it up? His embarrassment was contagious; she found herself saying awk-

wardly, "Mrs. Whipp will be so glad. She breakfasts in her room. I will go and tell her."

"No, don't go yet—that is, pray don't disturb her. I can wait. I wanted to tell you—I have been so horribly ashamed of myself—"

"You will want some breakfast," said Nancy breathlessly, flying precipitately from the room with cheeks aflame.

By dinner time they had scarcely grown more used to each other, and it was Grannie who did most of the talking.

"We thought we would keep you all to ourselves to-night, John," she said, "though Nancy and I generally take our one little dip into the world at *table-d'hôte*. To-morrow you shall have tea at Rumpelmayer's and see all the sights. I hope you will like your dinner, my dear; the *chef* is quite a personage, I believe."

"After six months of Mrs. Nichols's ministrations," said John lightly, but looking a little annoyed, "I assure you I thankfully eat anything that is put before me."

And Nancy's watchful gray eyes observed that he passed all the choicest dishes by.

In the late evening, when they walked in the garden, John threw off something of his embarrassment and betrayed an unusual interest in the strange plants and flowers which bordered the walks and grounds.

They left Grannie seated in her basket chair and paced the terrace in front of her. John told Nancy all about the rock garden he was planning at Laurel Grove, and the fern-house he had built. She liked it a great deal better than discussing *ménus* with him, and when she went to bed she found herself revising the portrait she had painted of him, putting in a softer touch here, lightening a shadow there. She approved of his devotion to Gran-

nle; surely he must have been a good soul.

And, after all, a man was useful. John proved himself so when, after a few days devoted to sight-seeing, they turned their backs on the Riviera and began the slow journey homewards. No more trouble with the luggage, no more wrestling to make oneself understood when trying to explain that Grannie's room must have a south aspect. If John had little command of French, he knew his own wants and wishes, and, like an indomitable Briton, secured them. Then he really was possessed of an astonishing amount of information, and was much less dry in imparting it than Baedeker or Bradshaw. Perhaps it inspired him to feel a pair of earnest, interested eyes fastened on him, no longer with a look of aversion and distrust. Was this indeed the girl he had dared to insult, this peerless creature whom a man might count it an honor only to love without any hope of return? At the disturbing recollection he found himself hesitating and reddening when he should have been discoursing upon "*Les Misérables*" (they were at Marseilles). Nancy, responsive to the subtlest indications of his mood, felt herself blushing too, she knew not why, and blushing more and more as she grew the angrier with herself.

So this new John and this new Nancy made entirely unexpected discoveries about one another, and travelled slowly into a better knowledge of each other, as the train carried them by easy and dignified stages to the capital. Perhaps Grannie profited more by the stoppages than either of her companions. She did a little sight-seeing in a regal sort of way, and rested a good deal, and let herself be waited on by the young people (for John was still a young person in her eyes), and was the most serene old lady in the world, and to herself she kept saying: "Why

should we hurry? Let them take time to know each other. In Paris it will all come right."

But in Paris, after she had conscientiously visited the Louvre and the Salon, Notre-Dame and the Madeleine, she declared herself satisfied to rest in her comfortable room and not go sight-seeing any more.

"Go out by yourselves, children, and leave me to rest," she said. "I cannot afford to sacrifice any more of my recollections. I came here on my wedding journey, and I seem to have lost my dear husband in this new world. Leave me to my memories; but for you it is still the present, go you and lay up pictures for the future."

Go out by themselves! They looked at each other in consternation, and Nancy was not at all reassured when she read something that was certainly not consternation dawning in John's eyes.

To save making a needless ado (and "perhaps let him imagine I am afraid of him," she said scornfully to herself), she went up and put on her hat and her gloves. They both lingered to fuss over Grannie, to settle her in the most comfortable chair, and put her fan and her scent-bottle near her, and the opera-glass, which gave her a view of the passing panorama, and the morning paper and the "*Saturday Review*" which John stopped to cut, for all the world as if they were not coming back again to fuss still further over her at lunch!

But, behold, when they set out, after being so very voluble in Grannie's presence, so full of light chatter and foolish nothings, they had not a word to say to each other. Nancy held her parasol as if it were a weapon of defence, and never, even in the days when she had cooked for him, had Cousin John found her so stately and distant. With one consent they made for the shops, the gay alluring shops, which are as good



as a chaperon to all embarrassed lovers.

Grannie, slowly waving her fan and thinking with a sigh of her own vanished love-dream, was saying to herself, "It will happen to-day;" but it seemed as if for once she were to fall as a prophetess. That she did not was owing to one of those little accidents that give life a constant edge of adventure in the smiling city. They were crossing the Rue de Rivoli when a fiacre came whirling along, and, with that light scorn of human life which characterizes the Parisian driver, dashed upon them. Nancy, a step in advance of her companion, had her raised parasol spun out of her hand; a second more and she might have been trampled under the horse's feet, but for the wild grasp of a pair of strong arms that lifted her to safety.

"Nancy!" cried John, his voice hoarse with fear and deep with emotion.

"I am not hurt—not a bit," she said as he set her on the pavement; but all at once she began to tremble. It was such a different "Nancy" as he uttered it from the complacent, calm, cool "Nancy" with which he began his peroration that day long ago among the vegetables in the garden of Laurel Grove, and somehow it went straight to her defenceless heart.

They could neither of them give a coherent account of what happened afterwards, of what they did or said, or where they went upon that sunny May morning; but in those stored memories which Grannie sent them forth to harvest one little bit of Paris was to both for ever afterwards enchanted ground.

*The Leisure Hour.*

When at last they climbed the steps of the hotel—hurrying and ashamed to find how late it was, and how very long they had kept Grannie from her lunch—Nancy turned a shy, arch face up to John.

"I have quite forgotten how to cook," she said.

"And I," he answered gaily, "have forgotten how to dine. Don't be cruel, Nancy, on the very first day too."

\* \* \* \* \*

They got home in good time for Grannie's June dinner, which was this year a very special feast indeed. The family welcomed shy, stately Nancy with much cordiality; they marvelled at the immense improvement Grannie had effected in six months.

"She was always a pretty girl, but she is quite beautiful now," said the eldest daughter. "She has caught a reflection of Mummy's grace and charm. John has waited to some purpose—he has secured a real treasure at last."

"Mummy's occupation is gone now that John has surrendered," said the eldest son. "He was the last to hold out; there is not one of us left to marry now."

"She will begin on the grandchildren," laughed the third daughter; and indeed as she sat, a queen among her court under the budding roses, Grannie was saying to herself: "I cannot live alone now. I should miss my dear Nancy too much. My daughter Harriet must lend me Kitty." For Kitty was eighteen and even Cousin Ethel out in India would allow that she was grown up.

*Lealie Keith.*

## HAWTHORN TIDE.

## I

Dawn is alive in the world, and the darkness of heaven and  
of earth

Subsides in the light of a smile more sweet than the loud  
noon's mirth.

Spring lives as a babe lives, glad and divine as the sun, and  
unsure

If aught so divine and so glad may be worshipped and loved  
and endure.

A soft green glory suffuses the love-lit earth with delight,  
And the face of the noon is fair as the face of the star-clothed  
night.

Earth knows not and doubts not at heart of the glories again  
to be;

Sleep doubts not and dreams not how sweet shall the waking  
beyond her be.

A whole white world of revival awaits May's whisper awhile,  
Abides and exults in the bud as a soft hushed laugh in a  
smile.

As a maid's mouth laughing with love and subdued for the  
love's sake, May

Shines and withholds for a little the word she revives to say.

When the clouds and the winds and the sunbeams are warring  
and strengthening with joy that they live,

Spring, from reluctance enkindled to rapture, from slumber  
to strife,

Stirs, and repents, and is winter, and weeps, and awakes as  
the frosts forgive,

And the dark chill death of the woodland is troubled, and  
dies into life.

And the honey of heaven, of the hives whence night feeds full  
on the springtide's breath,

Fills fuller the lips of the lustrous air with delight in the  
dawn;

Each blossom enkindling with love that is life and subsides  
with a smile into death

Arises and lightens and sets as a star from her sphere with-  
drawn.

Not sleep, in the rapture of radiant dreams, when sundawn  
smiles on the night,

Shews earth so sweet with a splendor and fragrance of life  
that is love;

Each blade of the glad live grass, each bud that receives or  
rejects the light,

Salutes and responds to the marvel of Maytime around and  
above.

Joy gives thanks for the sight and the savor of heaven, and is  
humbled  
With awe that exults in thanksgiving; the towers of the  
flowers of the trees  
Shine sweeter than snows that the hand of the season has  
melted and crumbled,  
And fair as the foam that is lesser of life than the loveliest  
of these.  
But the sense of a life more lustrous with joy and enkindled  
of glory  
Than man's was ever or may be, and briefer than joys most  
brief,  
Bids man's heart bend and adore, be the man's head golden  
or hoary,  
As it leapt but a breath's time since and saluted the flower  
and the leaf.  
The rapture that springs into love at the sight of the world's  
exultation  
Takes not a sense of rebuke from the sense of triumphant  
awe;  
But the spirit that quickens the body fulfils it with mute  
adoration,  
And the knees would fain bow down as the eyes that re-  
joiced and saw.

## II.

Fair and sublime as the face of the dawn is the splendor of  
May,  
But the sky's and the sea's joy fades not as earth's pride  
passes away.  
Yet hardly the sun's first lightning or laughter of love on the  
sea  
So humbles the heart into worship that knows not or doubts  
if it be  
As the first full glory beholden again of the life new-born  
That hails and applauds with inaudible music the season of  
morn.  
A day's length since, and it was not; a night's length more,  
and the sun  
Salutes and enkindles a world of delight as a strange world  
won.  
A new life answers and thrills to the kiss of the young strong  
year,  
And the glory we see is as music we hear not, and dream that  
we hear.  
From blossom to blossom the live tune kindles, from tree to  
tree,  
And we know not indeed if we hear not the song of the life  
we see.

For the first blithe day that beholds it and worships and cherishes cannot but sing  
 With a louder and lustier delight in the sun and the sunlit earth  
 Than the joy of the days that beheld but the soft green dawn of the slow faint spring  
 Glad and afraid to be glad, and subdued in a shamefast mirth.  
 When the first bright knoll of the woodland world laughs out into fragrant light,  
 The year's heart changes and quickens with sense of delight in desire,  
 And the kindling desire is one with thanksgiving for utter fruition of sight,  
 For sight and for sense of a world that the sun finds meet for his lyre.  
 Music made of the morning that smites from the chords of the mute world song  
 Trembles and quickens and lightens, unfelt, un beholden, unheard,  
 From blossom on blossom that climbs and exults in the strength of the sun grown strong,  
 And answers the word of the wind of the spring with the sun's own word.

Hard on the skirt of the deep soft copses that spring re-fashions,  
 Triumphs and towers to the height of the crown of a wild-wood tree  
 One royal hawthorn, sublime and serene as the joy that im-passions  
 Awe that exults in thanksgiving for sight of the grace we see,  
 The grace that is given of a god that abides for a season, mysterious  
 And merciful, fervent and fugitive, seen and unknown and adored;  
 His presence is felt in the light and the fragrance elate and imperious,  
 His laugh and his breath in the blossom are love's, the beloved soul's lord.  
 For surely the soul if it loves is beloved of the god as a lover  
 Whose love is not all unaccepted, a worship not utterly vain;  
 Too full, too deep is the joy that revives for the soul to recover  
 Yearly, beholden of hope and of memory in sunshine and rain.

## III.

Wonder and love stand silent, and stricken at heart and stilled.  
 But yet is the cup of delight and of worship unpledged and unfilled,

A hand's breadth hence leaps up, laughs out as an angel  
crowned  
A strong full fountain of flowers overflowing above and  
around.  
The boughs and the blossoms in triumph salute with adoring  
mirth  
The womb that bare them, the glad green mother, the sun-  
bright earth.  
Downward sweeping, as song subsides into silence, none  
May hear what sound is the word's they speak to the brooding  
sun.  
None that hearken may hear; man may but pass and adore,  
And humble his heart in thanksgiving for joy that is now no  
more.  
And sudden, afront and ahead of him, joy is alive and aflame  
On the shrine whose incense is given of the godhead, again the  
same.  
  
Pale and pure as a maiden secluded in secret and cherished  
with fear,  
One sweet glad hawthorn smiles as it shrinks under shelter,  
screened  
By two strong brethren whose bounteous blossom outsoars it,  
year after year,  
While earth still cleaves to the live spring's breast as a  
babe unweaned.  
Never was amaranth fairer in fields where heroes of old found  
rest,  
Never was asphodel sweeter; but here they endure not long,  
Though ever the sight that salutes them again and adores  
them awhile is blest,  
And the heart is a hymn, and the sense is a soul, and the  
soul is a song.  
Alone on a dyke's trenched edge, and afar from the blossom-  
ing wildwood's verge,  
Laughs and lightens a sister, triumphant in love-lit pride;  
Clothed round with the sun, and inviolate; her blossoms exult  
as the springtide surge,  
When the wind and the dawn enkindle the snows of the  
shoreward tide.  
  
Hardly the worship of old that rejoiced as it knelt in the  
vision  
Shown of the God new-born whose breath is the spirit of  
spring  
Hailed ever with love more strong and defiant of death's deri-  
sion  
A joy more perfect than here we mourn for as May takes  
wing.  
Time gives it and takes it again and restores it; the glory,  
the wonder,  
The triumph of lustrous blossom that makes of the steep  
sweet bank

One visible marvel of music inaudible, over and under,  
 Attuned as in heaven, pass hence and return for the sun to  
 thank,  
 The stars and the sun give thanks for the glory bestowed and  
 beholden,  
 For the gladness they give and rejoice in, the night and the  
 dawn and the day;  
 But nought they behold when the world is aflower and the  
 season is golden  
 Makes answer as meet and as sweet as the flower that itself  
 is May.

The Athenaeum.

A. C. Swinburne.

### THE ORNITHOLOGY OF TENNYSON.

Readers of Tennyson must have observed that the poet was an ardent bird-lover; but the completeness of his acquaintance with bird-life is recognized perhaps only by the few. In these days of "higher education" poets and writers have to beware of small inaccuracies,—neither poetic license nor imagination's lofty flight will serve as a safeguard from the hawk-eyed modern critic who goes about seeking whom he may detect. To-day Wolfe would scarcely have ventured to introduce his

Struggling moonbeam's misty light.

in face of the fact that Mr. Nasmyth, with inclusive scientific accuracy, informs us on the authority of that unimpeachable witness, the Nautical Almanac, that upon January 16th, 1809, the moon was scarcely a day old and practically invisible! It is easy to err; perhaps after all Keats's nightingale was only a humble sedge-warbler; most nightingales are. But in Tennyson's ornithology no flaws can be detected. He reveals in a hundred delicate touches his knowledge of bird-life, his full acquaintance with all those points which Seebohm summarizes in the pref-

ace to his "History of British Birds:"—"The habits of the bird during the breeding season, at the two periods of migration and in winter; its mode of flight and of progression on the ground, in the trees, or on the water; its song and its various call and alarm notes; its food and its mode of procuring it at different seasons of the year; its migrations, the dates of arrival and departure, the routes it chooses, and the winter quarters it selects; and above all, every particular respecting its breeding, when it begins to build, how many broods it rears in the season, the place it selects in which to build its nest, the material it uses for the purpose, the number of eggs it lays, the variation in their color, size and shape,—all these particulars are the real history of a bird."

The poet falls into no common errors,—for him the swallow and the martin are distinct. Twice the situation in which the latter build their nests is referred to:—

Roof-haunting martins warm their  
 eggs,

and—

The martin-haunted eaves.



This bird is very commonly mistaken for the swallow, which builds almost exclusively in the rafters of barns and out-houses, never under the eaves.

The swallow, next to the nightingale the favorite bird of all the poets, has many references to his flight and his appearance as the harbinger of spring.

The swallow stopt as he hunted the bee.

records at once the insectivorous tastes of the bird, and the fact that it catches its prey when on the wing. Some doubt having been suggested as to whether the swallow does or does not catch bees, the practical evidence of Dixon (always an accurate observer) deserves consideration. Writing of the bee-eater he says: "They were busy hawking for insects and mingling with swifts and scallows."

The May-fly is torn by the swallow,  
the sparrow speared by the shrike,  
And the whole little wood where I sit  
is a world of plunder and prey,

sings Maud's disconsolate lover, defining with scientific accuracy no less than with alliterative charm, the feeding habits of the swallow and the cruelty of the butcher-bird.

One small fact impressed itself sufficiently upon the poet's mind to deserve repeated notice.

As careful robins eye the deliver's toll

occurs twice in "Geraint and Enid," first in describing the keen glance with which Geraint scanned his bride-elect in her faded silk, and secondly the still keener scrutiny of her face after his harsh words. The feeding habits of the robin are here expressed in one brief line. Any one who cares to watch one of these pretty little creatures perched near the gardener as he turns up the soil can testify to the bright-eyed watchfulness, head on one

side, with which he regards the digging operations, darting down upon his food the instant it appears. Possibly the robin was a favorite with the poet, for in "Locksley Hall" he is again alluded to:—

In the spring a fuller crimson comes  
upon the robin's breast,  
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets  
himself another crest,  
In the spring a livelier iris changes on  
the burnished dove.

Here three separate notes are made of the renewal of plumage by birds in the spring—the beautifying of the males during the breeding season, when the brilliancy of their coloring helps them to find favor in the eyes of their little mates. Another notable reference to change of plumage is made in "The Last Tournament:"—

The ptarmigan that whitens ere his  
hour  
Woos his own end.

The protective coloring of both birds and eggs is a subject which increasingly occupies the attention of ornithologists and oologists. Upon their plumage depends the very existence of many birds and the survival of their young in that race which is to the fittest. No better example of protective plumage could have been given than that of the ptarmigan. This bird, which in British latitudes is to be found chiefly in the Highlands and mountainous districts of the North, so closely resembles, when clothed in its summer plumage, the boulder-strewn hillsides which it frequents, that its detection is almost impossible. But with the approach of winter and the consequent covering of the hills with a mantle of snow, the ptarmigan changes his appearance. His sober hues are gradually replaced by snowy plumage, and as a pure white bird he defies his enemies. But if this transformation

(resembling as it does the adaptability to climatic changes of the Arctic hare and the ermine) takes place too early in the season before the ground is snow-covered, the ptarmigan becomes an easy prey to the sportsman.

But what of the nightingale? How does Tennyson write of this bird to whom poets have sung in all ages? It is the symbol used throughout the love passages in "Harold."

Mad for thy mate, passionate nightingale . . .

cries Edith as she waits her lord at sunset in the garden. When next they meet in that same garden Edith's note is changed. No longer a song to the passionate nightingales—

Love will stay for a whole life long—  
but thoughts of

Night as black as a raven's feather.

She does not love the song-birds now:—

They are but of spring.  
They fly at the winter change—not so  
with us—  
No wings to come and go.

The metaphor continues, and so the happy birds pass from the poem and the tragedy draws to its end. But references to the bird whose song the poets have immortalized are not confined to "Harold." In "Aylmer's Field" occurs the lovely passage:—

Hidden as the music of the moon  
Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale.

An exquisite thought exquisitely expressed! It scarce needs comment. The bird of night, who sings divinely in the starlight, lays in her oak-leaf nest plain eggs of olive-brown or bluish-green, with no bold markings on the soft-hued shells. One last reference, to the bird's apparent pleasure in her own sweet notes:—

No nightingale delighteth to prolong  
Her low preamble all alone  
More than my soul to hear her echo'd  
song  
Throb thro' the ribbed stone.

One cannot but think that the poet must have seen these little combatants as he took his daily walk:—

As the thistle shakes  
When three gray linnets wrangle for  
the seed.

And how vividly these brief descriptions conjure up a mental picture:—

Round as the red eye of an eagle-owl,  
and—

Dove with the tender eye,  
whilst the longer passage—

Nigh upon that hour  
When the lone hern forgets his melancholy,  
Lets down his other leg, and stretching,  
dreams  
Of goodly supper in the distant pool,

shows close acquaintance with the habits of the night-heron, its rousing to activity at the hour of sunset, and the nature of its food. Who has not felt what none but the poet could have so expressed—

drowned in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"The Blackbird" displays a fund of knowledge. The exact reproduction of the notes of birds on paper is almost impossible of accomplishment. Various ornithologists have vainly endeavored to describe by curious combinations of letters the distinctive notes uttered by different birds. But the broad effect of the bird's note can be rendered with near approach to Nature, and in expressing these varied sounds the examples to be found in Tennyson are all true to life, brief and forcible:—

From the woods  
Came voices of the well-contented  
doves,  
The lark could scarce get out his notes  
for joy  
But shook his song together as he  
near'd  
His happy home the ground. To left  
and right  
The cuckoo told his name to all the  
hills,  
The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm,  
The red-cap whistled; and the nightin-  
gale  
Sang loud, as tho' he were the bird of  
day.

Again, in "Sir Launcelot and Queen  
Guinevere:"—

Sometimes the linnet piped his song,  
Sometimes the throistle whistled strong;

and in other poems:—

*The Spectator.*

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof.

And oft I heard the tender dove  
In firry woods making moan.

The building rook 'ill call from the  
windy tall elm tree  
And the tufted plover pipe, along the  
fallow lea.

A blot in Heaven, the Raven, flying  
high,  
Croaked.

The swamp, where hums the dropping  
snipe.

The great plover's human whistle.

These few examples by no means  
exhaust what might be selected from  
the poet's works. Enough have been  
quoted, however, to prove him no less  
a great naturalist than a great poet.

## DEGENERATE?

*Aetas parentum, pejor avis, dedit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

*Horace.*

Of old sang Horace in his bantering vein  
That every age gives birth to yet a worse;  
It was the time when a slow-ripened curse  
Broke on the ancient world, and men were fain  
To veil with laughter hearts which heaved in pain.  
But the new era entered to reverse  
That heartless presage, and our England knows  
A law more fruitful. In her Abbey fane,  
Where she has gathered under one proud roof  
The rich memorials of her growing state,  
Among the noble dead in serried rows  
That line the sacred walls, all laureate,  
Stand the three Cannings, as a double proof  
That a great sire may boast a son as great.

Good Words.

*Robert F. Horton.*

## HOW HISTORY IS WRITTEN.\*

At a late sitting of the Chamber of Deputies M. Paul de Cassagnac quoted the familiar anecdote about Marshal de MacMahon and the negro. Everybody knows the story, for it has become classic; but, as a matter of fact, it was never anything but a legend and that is perhaps why its authenticity is never questioned. I have a notion however that the gallant Marshal in heaven may not object to having the exact truth told.

Nobody is in a better position to do this than myself, who actually assisted, in a way, at the birth of this famous bon-mot. One day about the middle of May, while the Marshal was still President of the Republic, he paid an official visit to the school at Saint-Cyr; and after the grand review in the courtyard, he requested, according to custom, that the pupils who had the best record should be presented to him by the officer in command. Among them was a young negro, the son of an African chief who had been very friendly to France; and the boy had been educated at Saint-Cyr, at the expense of the state precisely in acknowledgment of the services rendered by his father. Wishing to be particularly gracious in his treatment of this young man, the Marshal tapped him familiarly on the shoulder and said:—"Well, my friend, and how do you like France?"

"Very much, M. le Maréchal."

"Have they treated you well at school?"

"Very well, indeed, M. le Maréchal."

"And you," said Gen. MacMahon, turning to the officer, "Are you satisfied with this lad?"

"Entirely so, M. le President! He has been an excellent pupil—very industrious, and altogether irreproachable."

"Bravo!" said the General, and turning to the young man again, he shook him warmly by the hand and added:—"Go on as you have begun!"

Nothing, of course, could have been simpler or more natural. But I was dining that evening at Mme. Adam's where Edmond About, who was the life of those political gatherings, gave his version of the affair. Gambetta was there, and Girardin, John Le-Moine, Chalamel-Lacour, Le Royer, and several others to whom About told the story as follows:—

"Ah, ha!" says the Marshal to the young man, "So you're the negro!"

"Yes, M. le Maréchal."

"Very well, my friend. Go on as you have begun."

The success of this sally may be imagined. That night at the reception which followed the dinner, everybody was repeating it and the next day it was all over Paris. It won the good Marshal a reputation for artlessness which contributed not a little, among other things, to his defeat on the 16th of May. Great events often spring from small causes.

Edmond About's witticisms also gave rise to a whole series of similar anecdotes, which ended by completely riddling the reputation for intelligence of the unlucky Marshal.

The press took up the game and played it merrily. All sorts of silly stories, old and new, were fathered upon MacMahon, who to do him justice, was exactly as impassive under the hail-storm of ridicule as he had been in the fire of battle. But this fire was fed with a will. Not merely the little illustrated papers, but the gravest of our political journals, went into the business with enthusiasm. The thing was often overdone, but a legend had

\*Translated for The Living Age.

been created, and the great public swallowed everything with entire credulity.

Men retailed, for example, ineptitudes like the following:—

The Marshal was one day crossing the *Place des Pyramides* with the Duc de Broglie. "Look here, my dear duke," says he, "I wish you would tell me exactly who Joan of Arc was?"

"She was a very distinguished Frenchwoman, M. le Maréchal! She was one of the most illustrious heroines in our history. She was burned alive by the English—"

"Oh come, my dear duke! You must be joking!"

"I assure you not, M. le Maréchal! It is matter of history—"

"Don't tell me any such nonsense!" replied the Marshal rather sharply. "A woman burned alive by the English! Why, think of the talk it would have made!"

It is all an old story now, and seems childish enough when repeated; but at that time it was a regular method of warfare; and pin-pricks without number made a hole in the end. All the more because friends as well as foes took part in the little game and one can be betrayed only by one's friends. I was at that time editing the *XIX<sup>e</sup> Siècle*, and it was my business to keep the public informed concerning the innumerable short trips that the Marshal was making all about France. There were a dozen or more of us journalists engaged upon papers holding the most diverse opinions; but we were the best of friends among ourselves, always went to the same hotel, breakfasted and dined together, and briskly maintained, when on our travels, the fire of jokes at the Marshal's expense, which enlivened the boulevards of Paris.

One day the city papers came out with a brand new story apropos of the

Marshal's visit to Normandy. At Lisieux, he had, very properly, held an official reception; and a large contingent of the clergy had come to pay their respects, headed by a very venerable ecclesiastic, the dean of all the priests in that region. The old man, so said the papers, delivered his address of welcome in a high, quavering voice, whereupon the Head of the State, with a vague notion of complimenting him upon his remarkable state of preservation inquired:—

"And how old are you, Mr. Dean?"

"Ninety-five, M. le Maréchal."

"Ninety-five," exclaimed the President admiringly, "and not dead yet!"

Of course the gallant general never said anything of the kind. But we telegraphed the tale to the Paris papers—our only excuse being, that we did not invent it. It was brought in to us at dinner, hot and hot, by one of our comrades on the high-conservative press; one whose journal was among those most devoted to the Marshal. I do not say that he requested us to make the anecdote public, but where would be the charm of journalism, if its disciples could not have a little fun among themselves?

This is the way we all wrote history; I do not know that it did Marshal de MacMahon much harm. Even if his reputation for artlessness had been well founded, it could not have extinguished the splendor of his military services. It was not as a statesman that he was chosen President of the Republic. It was as a soldier pure and simple, and to one and all of the nonsensical tales concocted and circulated about him he might have replied in the picturesque words of Bugeaud:—

"It is not necessary for a soldier to have invented powder, if only he knows how to use it!"

*Emmanuel Arène.*

## LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.

The ordinary phrases of sorrow which are conventional on the death of every human being, become genuine and heartfelt at the passing away of the late Lord Chief Justice. No person could resist the attractive influence of Lord Russell. Of course, like the rest of us, he had his faults, and on not a few occasions have his rivals in the Law Courts winced under his tempestuous outbursts. But these ebullitions of temper were but superficial. They were partly expressions of anger at stupidity or carelessness, partly the outcome of feelings and convictions that were always vehement. As was said of Dr. Johnson, Lord Russell had nothing of the bear about him but the skin. In a certain sense he was an intense partisan; by which we do not mean that he was not perfectly fair and upright on the Bench, but that he could not espouse any cause without espousing it with unusual earnestness. No half-and-half measures satisfied him; he always attacked, always carried the war into the enemy's country, could never put up with tepid compromise, or the safe middle position. Had not his religion stood in the way, we think he might have made the best possible Liberal leader after the retirement of Mr. Gladstone. He had courage carried to the verge of audacity, fluency and dignity of speech, personal magnetism, and untiring industry, while he was undoubtedly devoted to what may be called advanced Liberal principles—the very combination of qualities needed by the Liberal party. *Dis aliter visum*, however, and it is as an advocate and a judge rather than as a statesman that Lord Russell's name will go down to posterity.

Lord Russell's strength and inde-

pendence of character are seen both in his political and personal career. He started in political life as an Irish Liberal, and an Irish Liberal he remained. There was little inducement to a man who had determined on a political career to take up this position amid the contending forces of extreme Ulster Toryism and extreme uncompromising Nationalism. An Irish judgeship was not a great prize for a man of Lord Russell's intellectual power, but this seemed at one time to be the probable goal of his life. Though he afterwards adopted Home Rule, or rather, perhaps, came to believe that the Home Rule creed which he had sentimentally held had been pushed by Mr. Gladstone into the region of practical politics, he never associated himself with the Irish party, but held, as we have said, to his Liberal creed. His personal career was also remarkable. He won his way without any influence, by sheer intellect and force of character. Nobody could have supposed that an obscure Irish Catholic attorney would become Attorney-General, Lord of Appeal, and Chief Justice of England. Yet this came to pass, and it came honestly, without intrigue, as the result of high talent and powerful personality. Starting from the bottom of the legal ladder, Russell passed through both law and politics, never shrinking from the assertion of his striking personal qualities, and yet leaving no shadow of a scandal while attaching to himself the warmest regards even of his opponents and rivals. That is much to say, but it can be honestly said.

As a judge, Lord Russell's tenure of office will always be remembered for his passionate devotion alike to justice



and to the cause of commercial integrity. It is true that all our judges are supposed to be devoted to justice. But it is one thing to hold calmly the scales of equity perfectly even, and quite another to throw oneself passionately into the cause of right. It was this latter line that Russell took, not only as an advocate, when he was as intense, if not as eloquent, as Erskine, but on the Bench also, where one was apt to forget at times that a judge sat, and to see under the ermine the fiery and intrepid advocate. It may be that Lord Russell at times carried this spirit a little too far, but after all it is well to be reminded that under the judicial robe beats the heart of a man, and that a judge can be as indignant against wrong as any private citizen. The Bar tried none of its favorite tricks sometimes practised on a judge of weak character when Russell sat on the bench. If he had while at the Bar occasionally cowed judges, as it is said he did, on the Bench he always struck a respectful though not servile frame of mind into the members of the Bar. The time-honored methods of "humbugging a jury" were not tried when Lord Russell held court.

But it is especially for his devotion to the cause of commercial integrity that Russell of Killowen should be remembered. It is needless to dwell upon the numerous recent scandals in the commercial world. There is good reason to believe that in the main trade is still soundly and honestly conducted. But the mania for mere speculation has unhappily grown rapidly in the last decade through the sudden growth of new opportunities for wealth, and the result has, undoubtedly, been injurious to mercantile morality. Lord Russell lost no occasion for dealing severely with this evil. On the Bench, in the House of Lords, and elsewhere he denounced fraud in the most scathing and impressive way. His outspoken

address to a Lord Mayor on a public ceremony will not, and ought not, soon to pass from public memory, nor can we forget his eager work for the Companies Bill and the Commissions Bill, while his very last speech in the House of Lords opened up to a supine assembly the dishonest commissions by which officials over a large area of London were being corrupted. To no judge of our time are such sincere public thanks due for an energetic effort, in season and out of season, to raise the general level of commercial integrity. Lord Russell showed, indeed, what a powerful factor the judiciary may be in the cause of social reform, and that without descending into the political arena or losing sight of the principles and precedents which should guide the judicial office. We trust that the clear current which he set running may continue under his successor to exercise its purifying work.

A third important service rendered by Lord Russell may properly be referred to here—the advancement of the cause of Arbitration. His excellent address delivered a few years ago before the American Bar Association made a strong impression on those who heard it and on the great public which read it. His services on the Venezuela Commission in Paris were heartily acknowledged by all the parties to that suit. His views as to the possible progress of the principle of Arbitration were derived, not so much from a prolonged study of international law, as from a common-sense political and ethical insight into the social needs of the future. This, it seems to us, describes his general views and attitude of mind as a lawyer. He was "learned in the law" as a Chief Justice should be, but it was his broad good sense and feeling of equity, his brushing aside of quibbles and formulas, which strike one even before his legal attainments. The conception of the

law as a real remedy for wrong, a shield for the oppressed, and a rod for the scoundrel's back, was to Lord Russell a living conception governing the

*The Economist.*

whole of his judicial career. He has left to England a memory which can be both respected and admired.

### THE TALE OF THE SEXTON.

Segerstane, segsten, saxton, sacristan, sexton, his name should proclaim our friend the sacristarius or sacrist of the Canon Law. But, alas! the true sacristarius is the clerk to whom the archdeacon has granted the care and custody of the sacred vessels, the ecclesiastical vestments, the books and the like, which are the treasures of the Church. And he is so called from the sacred things of which he has the keeping, as the place where such things are kept is in Latin called the *sacrarium*, or with us the vestry. Now there is with us to-day a true sacristarius in the minor canon in certain of our Cathedral churches, on whom it lies to minister to the care of the fabric and ornaments of the edifice, to provide for the altar, and to order and direct the last rites of the departed. But in this sense our sexton is no sacrist. The care of the ornaments and fabric of the parish church is primarily for the wardens, of the graveyard for the parish priest, and he intermeddles with such but as the servant of one or other, or both of such parties. Nor is anything at all entrusted to him by the archdeacon, nor has he the care of the *sacrarium*.

The Church lawyer of more modern days again has vainly pictured him as the *ostliarius*, the lowest of the minor orders, whose duty it is to open and shut the inward and outward doors of the church, to admit the faithful, and ward off the schismatic and infidel. The more learned translator of our

1603 canons with greater truth applies this name to the parish clerk. In truth it is of the essence of the sacrist and *ostliarius* alike that they shall be in orders, and our parish sexton from the day that we first meet him in the fifteenth century seems always a layman or a laywoman, and 'tis clear that the latter may not hold a clerkly office.

The parish sexton in fact springs from the same causes that call into being the churchwarden. The Canon Law gives no office in the Church, not even the humblest, to any man not in orders, and in our cathedral churches, where the national custom comes not into play, the true sacrist has a proper place. But in the parish churches, where, by the national custom, the burden of repairing the nave and of furnishing the church ornaments lies on the shoulders of the lay folk, the wardens as the lay folk's representatives act upon the principle that calls the tune of the piper, and in the teeth of the canonists' rules themselves act as the sacrist, while they good-naturedly leave it to their and the priests' servant to usurp his name.

What manner of man though was he to whom the vestrymen, whose gray goose feathers sped the white shower of death on Towton or Tewkesbury field, paid the due number of pence "*pro custodia campanarum*" or "for ye sexteneship for ye halfe yere"? Perchance that sexton of thirty years' standing, who plies the spade over Ophelia's

coffin, may make answer. The dark horror of the walking sprite hangs heavy on the merry England of the knightly years, and something of this dread links itself to the person of the sullen or jibbing clown who in many a village wields the sexton's spade. Hence perchance it is that they mention him so little. A sexton, true, there must be in the parish and paid somehow or other he must be, generally from the vestry money, though here and there we find him taking certain fixed dues, as two pennies from each house in the parish. But how they chose him they say not, and the true character of his office has been a problem hard of solution for our latter day Courts of Justice. Was it for the priest or was it for the wardens to appoint to him his tasks? How comes it to pass, that the custom to appoint and remove him varies in different parishes? Why does the office sometimes seem to pass from father to son for four generations? We cannot say.

But probably the work of the poor mediæval clown varied but little from that of his modern representative. To help the wardens to keep order in service hours, to provide at their behest the bread and wine for the altar and the water for the font, to see that the lights are burning, that the bells chime, and the church floor is swept, to open the vaults and to break the sod in God's acre at the bidding of the parish priest, these have been for four hundred years and more the tasks of the parish sexton.

He owes much indeed to those Tudor changes in things ecclesiastical. From a clown and servant he blossoms forth into a grave public official. And this comes to pass in two ways. The parish church under a minister who frowns on church ales, and ever orates on the "wrath to come" is no more the blithesome religious club of yore. 'Tis all so gloomy, that the sexton and his

spade seem its proper adjuncts. And now moreover the parish guilds are gone, the band of jovial ringers is scattered, for no more may they ring the bells on the loved (and superstitious) eves. There is but one of the old servants left to the church in the sexton, and as he nowadays oftentimes unites with his old functions those of the parish clerk, he rises into repute, until at last on one great day in the golden years of the Merry Monarch, the judges of the King's Bench discover that he holds his post by a tenure of the same nature as the dread steward of the Court Leet. No more an underling or a clown, he is judged in *Banco Regis* the dignified possessor of a freehold office, and though the spirituality may lecture him, as they will, 'tis (save where they can prove a contrary custom) beyond their power to turn him out.

And for the most part he wears the honors and the official garb in which he is now often clad with befitting dignity. May be that 'mid the Somerset meadows a kindly fairy arranged the fate of that one wicked sexton, just "pour encourager les autres." He was in truth a bad fellow, and undignified withal, that sexton. Round the village he went singing his doggerel

All life is grass,  
And grass is hay;  
We're here to-morrow,  
And gone to-day

until one hour it entered into his wicked mind to convert to his own uses the jewels with which a loving Romeo had bedecked his dead love. 'Twas dark when this ruffian entered the vault, and darker when his sacrilegious tools forced the coffin lid, and his lantern's light flashed on the face of the dead. And then did the blue eyes of a swooning Juliet open on the deed of sacrilege, or did ghostly fingers clasp his coat tails with an iron

grasp, until he fled in fear and left them in the open coffin? The good wives round the blazing hearth differ in details; but on this they all agree, that in a few brief hours the wretch had buried forever in the village pond his own villainy and his order's shame.

There were after him none others such as he, or at least we hear not of them. Dignified seems the sexton's life and long the sexton's years in the days that glide away betwixt the tea-cups of good Queen Anne, and the country dances of gentle Jane Austen. Thus you read in the old register:

April 30th, 1759. Died Mary Hall, Sexton of Bishophill, aged 105. "She walked about and retained her senses till within three days of her death."

Or again you turn into an old Yorkshire churchyard and decipher on the tomb of a sexton who "departed this life August 3rd, 1769, in his 70th year.

Forty-eight years strange to tell,  
He bore the bier and toll'd the bell,  
And faithfully discharged his trust  
In 'earth to earth, and dust to dust.'"

And he had given seven thousand bodles to their last rest.

And our Georgian sexton blent the stateliness and loyalty of old-world rank with the grace of humanity. If the days for the Church were dark, if the Methodist preacher was drawing away the flighty folk from their parents' ways, if there was a Jacobin of the London taverns expounding Tom Paine's blasphemies and treasons to the yokels over their ale at the village hostel, there still was the old man at the churchyard, belauding the Book of Common Prayer, smiling gently on those good young women

Who kept their church, all church days  
during Lent,

and cautioning all and sundry that 'twas wicked to tread o'er the graves in

sun or moon and bad luck in the dark.

And where there was sorrow his heart was ever open:

For all the village came to him,  
When they had need to call,  
His counsel free to all was given,  
For he was kind to all.

And then he had his hours of meditation. When the fog was rising, and he was alone in the churchyard with the dead, he would rest on his spade and his aged eyes would strangely hover about between that one mound, which his hand had not reared, for it covered the child of his old age, and those three lorn graves, wherein he had laid the poor victims in that one dark village story, that had so shattered the arcadian peace of his days and had made him put such strange questions to the vicar. And as he gazed it would seem as if those three graves gave up their dead, and the poor creatures all came forth again and played their parts once more. And then he looked up and saw the young poet standing before him, and the sorrows of the old heart broke into words:

Except that grave, you scarce see one  
That was not dug by me,  
I'd rather dance upon them all,  
Than tread upon those three.

And the poet listed to the tale and made it immortal.

Alas! the dear old man is now passing away forever. Our revival upon selfish hygienic grounds of the pagan cemetery leaves him in many a parish an anachronism. And the church has so many new faces about it now, organist, surpliced choirman, acolyte, what not, that the old parish officer scarcely knows the place. And then our legislative destruction of the old parish system has sorely perplexed him and upset his mind.

And worst of all the parson is saying:—"It is an unsatisfactory thing to have a sexton at all. You cannot re-

move him, if you wish." In many a parish they do not in fact appoint him and in many another, where they do, they mock him with their foolish name of "verger." The newfangled world seems incompetent to understand, or utilize a freehold officer of the parish.

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They may then get whom they will to dig the graves and do the work and pay them how they will, these new sort of vicars and these impudent parish councillors. His old friend Death has a kindly eye to the parish sexton, and soon shall he live only in history.

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### ELIZABETH OF BAVARIA.

"*Elisabeth de Bavière*," by Constantin Christomanos, is as revolting and sickening a book as hysterical and decadent literature has produced. This indelicate Greek cad, admitted as reader, travelling companion and teacher of Greek, to an intimacy as strange as it was inappropriate with the late Empress of Austria, shows his appreciation of that injudicious Royal lady's favor by the publication of a perfervid and maudlin volume, supposed to be the tale of their odd relations. When we read, towards the end of this hideous book, that the Empress said to him: "I can be influenced neither in good nor in evil, for I abandon everything to my interior voices and to my destiny. Have you not remarked that I know more about you than you yourself do? At a first glance I know what men are worth"—we sincerely wish the poor distraught woman, victim of so many unprecedented domestic disasters, had possessed in reality the gift she boasted of, in which case she would have shuddered away from such companionship as she deliberately chose in this maundering rascal.

The book is worthily translated and prefaced by two howling Nationalist humbugs. It is a singular fact that the Nationalists cannot possibly touch anything they do not lamentably soil, mar, or render ridiculous. I can only explain it by the supposition that Nationalism is a form of madness, and not a pleasing or interesting one at

that. A certain part of France went off its head recently, and has not yet recovered its mental or moral balance. And so a professor of France, M. Gabriel Syveton, disgraced publicly for his political frolics in the unterminated Affair, awaiting the joys of a general rising on a level with that of the Boxers of China, which he and his extraordinary party fondly aspire to, employs his leisure in translating into literary French the unhealthy ravings about an unfortunate sovereign lady of an hysterical Hellene. And M. Maurice Barrès, that apostle of literary blackguardism, gravely prefaces the treason in the high, unmelodious French of which he rejoices in the secret.

The woman is dead under tragic circumstances, and for this reason, if for none other, has a claim upon silence and respectful sympathy. Her life was not a happy one; her nature was not a happy one, and she was mistress of neither. Members of her family still live for whom she is a sacred and private memory. A whole nation has mourned her as empress; a smaller race has loved her as a queen. Are these things of no account to heartless outsiders? Must the woman and the sovereign be held, for the world at large, as mere matter for the self-advertisement of a blatant fool like Constantin Christomanos, as food for the vulgar and the indiscreet? We will admit—poor crowned eccentric, who could not wear her coronet of thorns



without public revolt—that she gave herself as a meal to the indiscreet, but is that a reason why the decent among us should not feel an ardent desire to kick and maul the poetical M. Christomanos? Even M. Barrès, with his famous cult of his “moi,” and his well-known indelicacy of pen, is obliged to head a quotation from the learned doctor’s pages with this significant statement: “You will realize what faults and qualities are those of our guide only in reading this first page, charming in its love of beauty, and in which we recognize a distant brother, all impregnated with Orientalism, of our Julian Sorel.” Now Julian Sorel, Stendhal’s hero of “Rouge et Noir,” is the sorriest, the most squalid and unspeakable cad of all French literature. In seeking a fit and base comparison, it would be difficult to sink into a lower depth of humanity. Here are extracts from what M. Barrès calls the self-revealing page. The Empress desires to learn Greek, and M. Christomanos, a young student at Vienna, having been recommended to her, a court carriage calls at his door to take him to the palace. He awaits the Empress by order in the Park:

I was filled with unutterable emotion. Around a bush trembling under the innumerable gold flowers of the mimosa, hives of bees hummed. All these little balls in flower shed with their intoxicating perfume a golden smile. In truth, they knew not that they were there as much for me as for the bees, that their glance, their embalmed breath should render for me the hour unforgettable as well as give honey to the bees. . . . I still feel the ineffable poetry of that hour of waiting, which carried me far away from myself towards the distant infinite, which precipitated me in the abyss. So that, when I came back to myself, I was the prey of a strange sensation as if from greenish and crepuscular depths of the sea a powerful wave had cast me upon a land foreign and unknown to the land of life. And while I waited there my heart was more and more filled with

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the certitude that I was on the point of seeing appear what my life would hold most precious. Suddenly SHE was before me. I felt HER approach, and the sensation of her coming seemed to have sprung within me as long as if I had lived through it hours and years. SHE was before me, bent a little forward. Her head was detached upon a background of white parasol radiant with sunshine, whence started a kind of vaporous numbus round her forehead. In her left hand she held a black fan slightly inclined to her cheek. Her eyes of clear gold looked fixedly at me, scanning the features of my visage, animated with the desire of discovering something there. Did they find what they sought? Was it later that they smiled upon me, or from the first did they greet me with those smiling beams?

Poor Elizabeth of Bavaria! Whatever she may have sought in the visage of the modern Hellene, she assuredly could have found no trace of the gentleman. Now a poet, a romancer, may write this sort of stuff by the yard when it is a question of a lover and an anonymous mistress; but for an unhappy dead lady, but yesterday having won with her blood a niche in history, to be made the subject of this tasteless lyricism, is a revolting thought. Did she really pose as he makes her, printing “she” and “her” in capital letters, as travelling over an unappreciative universe in dual solitude with Dr. Christomanos? Wherever you meet them—at Lainz, Schönbrunn, in Ionian waters, in the paradise of Corfu—it is never the Empress of Austria and her surroundings; it is eternally Elizabeth of Bavaria talking of her soul and her philosophy of life in the hushed twilight of dawn, in the glimmer of russet woods, upon a sunlit sea, along moonlit lawns and shadowy glens with the eloquent Dr. Christomanos. Like Browning’s Star, he would have us believe that she opened her heart to him, and we feel sorrier for Elizabeth of Bavaria than a little while ago.

H. L.







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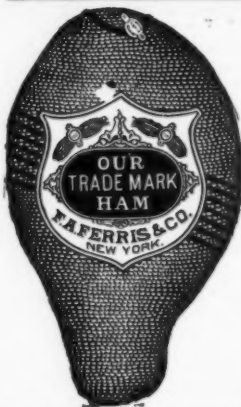
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